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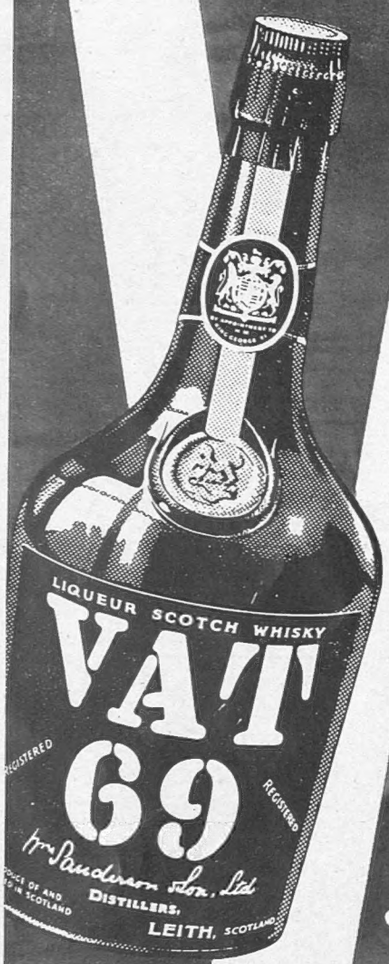

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Volume CLXXV No. 2280

The SPHERE, London, October 2, 1943

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE NEW TYPE LANDING CRAFT USED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT SALERNO: This huge vessel has large doors in the bow which open outwards to allow vehicles to drive down on to the beach over a ramp dropped from within

Until the Allied landings at Salerno Bay, the general public had no idea that such craft as the above existed. It is reported that vessels of this type were used for the first time on that occasion. In size, the new landing craft are almost young liners: as they run up on to the beach huge doors in the bow open outwards, a ramp drops down on chains within, and the heaviest of vehicles can be run ashore almost without wetting their feet. On its way in to the beaches the landing craft makes its own smoke-screen: three anti-aircraft guns in the bow protect the vessel from low-level bombing attacks: and the whole operation of landing heavy fighting equipment is materially shortened. This picture is further proof of the speed with which the Allies are exploiting new ideas to further our amphibious operations directed at the two remaining members of the Axis: it is also an indication of the building resources now being used to the full in both America and Britain

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 213

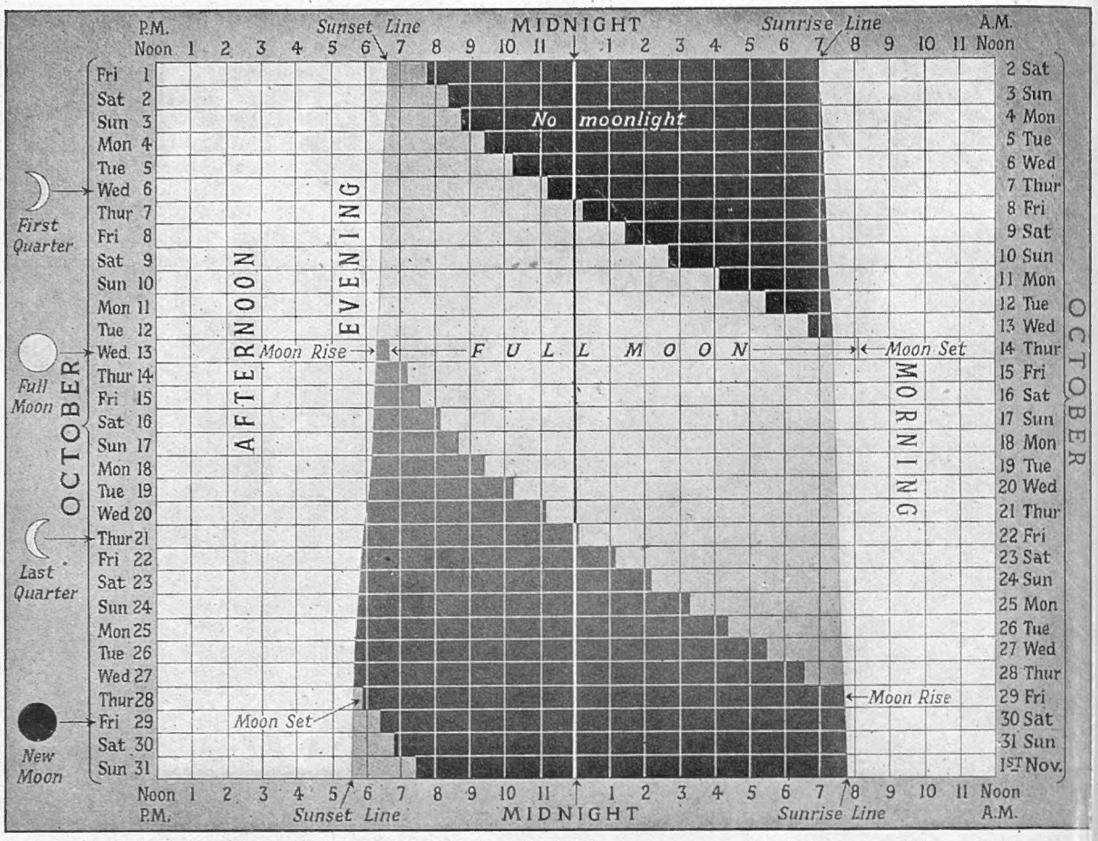
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Lifting the Curtain.—

Returned from his longest absence from England, the Premier, on September 21, gave the Commons his longest war review. He gave us some telling figures, cleared up several mysteries, gave some vital pointers and disposed of one or two mare's-nests. Of the mysteries, the details of the Italian Armistice and of the rape of the ex-Duce were revealed to us fully—much as we supposed. The armistice details disposed of the mare's-nest of undue delay in invading Italy and of political frills interfering with the wheels of strategy. Obliquely, it disposed of the larger mare's-nest of the "Second" (as opposed to the "third") Front. The Premier's extraordinarily frank admission of the elaborate organisation of the thousand or more ships necessary for a combined operation of moderate size put all heady and uninformed talk about staging invasions, to-day and to-morrow, here, there and everywhere, from Norway to Marseilles . . . where it should be! Of telling statistics, the combined output of Britain and the U.S. in aeroplanes, and the combined resources in men and material in this arm, show a preponderance over the Nazis which is more than satisfactory—it is utterly conclusive. Of fresh news, he gave us one important item. The U-boat campaign has begun again, after a period of almost total immunity covering a third of a year, during which we have replenished to peak figures vital supplies of oil and, no doubt, of food. Of political trends and theories, one very significant (and to my mind outstandingly comfortable) hint emerged. The Allied Governments of the West are swinging back from the ultra-montanism of Vansittartism or Cooperism. Our treatment of Italy has been more than shrewd; it has been humane and far-sighted and inspired by Christian ideals—and it has paid hand-over-fist already, as such ideals always do. And now at last we get a hint that, *vis-à-vis* Germany also, a place for repentance may be offered to the less criminal elements of the Reich, and that what we are fighting to destroy is in essence Nazism and *Prussianism*. When Italy capitulated, I prayed that our treatment of Italy would prove such an inspiration to civilisation and to our less blood-stained enemies, and that prayer has been answered. And I am very sure it will pay a handsome dividend without long delay.

Mussolini—Mascot or Bargaining Counter ?—

Fate seems determined that Mussolini—in power or in eclipse—shall be a thing of ridicule. Bull-frog or pricked bladder, "the noblest Roman of them all" has always provoked the *fou rire*. On September 10—the feast of Rumour—he was authoritatively "handed over to the Allies for justice." But on the 12th the Nazis had staged a paratroop rescue and snatched him from the prison where Badoglio still held him. Thus, the ex-Duce walks straight into Stevenson's *Wrong Box*. The heir of the Great Tontine is to be preserved in hygienic jaegers from chills and ills and chances to serve as a Quisling, a mascot or a bargaining counter. Poor Musso is the bladder in the game of *Habeas Corpus*. *Habeas Corpus?* If the Nazis have it, let them keep it *pro. tem.* In truth, the body is of no great value to the Allies. We have not done much with Hess, beyond supplying him with food, and "all the illustrated papers." And it seems difficult to believe that in political warfare Mussolini is still a name to swear by—even in Italy, even in Germany. The rape of Musso is indeed an outstanding example of the total lack of humour which characterises the German nation from Hitler downwards. To be Hitler's friend has been found a mixed blessing before now, and, for all we know, Benito, wherever he is, may be praying for peace and privacy, and by no means panting for another spell of public life and publicity. It may well be he is sighing: "Save me from my friends."



"THE SPHERE" MOONLIGHT CHART FOR THE MONTH OF OCTOBER, showing the period of no moonlight and the period when the moon will be at its full

A limited number of these charts will be supplied free of charge on application to the Publisher, "The Sphere," Commonwealth House, 1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1, but 2½d. in stamps must be enclosed with the application

Russian Steam-Roller—

If I remember rightly, this phrase is snatched from the old war of 1914. It was not very aptly chosen, an instance of "wishful thinking" from battles long ago. To-day it might justify its creation and use. A map of Russia which will afford one a guide to the relationship in mileage of Russia with her neighbouring westward States and with German territory must be something as small scale as ninety miles to an inch. On a map of this small scale, quite important cities are not marked, and, of course, many places now of temporary strategic importance were not in the consciousness of the cartographer. Yet what Russian arms have achieved this summer, history will one day place among the supreme feats of arms in the records of warfare. What remains to do we can get a notion of with a foot-rule laid along our small-scale map. Roughly, as I work it out, Breslau, in Silesia, lies 600 miles (or a little less) as the crow flies from Kiev. Smolensk, in a straight line, lies 400 miles from the borders of East Prussia. Melitopol is 300 miles from the borders of Bessarabia, and thence to Bucharest is another 300 miles. If Kiev and Melitopol fall to Russia, as has Smolensk, before the autumn rains set in, much of the Dnieper line will still remain, a tremendous natural barrier to negotiate, and behind lie the Bug and other great rivers and mountain barriers in the length of those hundreds of miles. To what final goal Stalin designs to advance lies in the mind of Stalin. To what final goal the Russians will have attained before next summer or the end of the war lies on the knees of the gods. But if we take up our small-scale map and rule again, we get this stimulating and hopeful fact: as the crow flies, the distance between Stalingrad and Kiev is 700 miles (or rather less), and those 700 miles bristled with natural and concreted obstacles. If much remains to do, much has been done.

Russia and Her Allies—

Mr. Eden's references to Russian relations in his winding up of the war situation debate left no more room for hope that misunderstandings had been exaggerated, or, if not exaggerated, were confined to unofficial or semi-official circles. He made it very clear and with complete frankness that our Government and the Soviet leaders were involved in those misunderstandings and that they had produced a certain amount of vexation in the minds of Mr. Churchill, Mr. Eden and Premier Stalin themselves. This is grievous knowledge. In our relations with Russia, we hoped against hope that Stalin himself had a clearer understanding of the nature of the problems which face maritime peoples in amphibious warfare, though these problems might be beyond the comprehension of the masses in a great Continental power, not in essence maritime. It is not so. We know now that Stalin in his approaches to Churchill and Roosevelt has frequently revealed in unmistakable language that he does not accept the Western Allies' contribution to the joint effort to defeat Hitler as being yet the maximum possible. These revelations in Mr. Eden's speech will be jam and jumping powder to Hitler, a welcome stimulus to his last hope of carrying on to a stalemate or dividing the Allies. It is our urgent duty to leave no stone unturned to better these relations and to remove what misunderstandings we may still be able to remove. Much will hang on the preliminary meeting of Foreign Secretaries, much more on the meeting of the principals. In the light of Mr Eden's speech, the British public may well feel anxious, and may well marvel that this vital meeting of principals has so long failed to mature. Indeed, it is about the most important item on the Allied agenda to-day, not excepting the most vital strategic moves by our armies, navies and air fleets. If bitterness and misunderstanding grow, if relations gain nothing in harmony, the fruits of victory in war and in the peace are alike jeopardised, postponed and lessened, and every inducement will be given to Nazism to prolong the struggle with truculent confidence in the possibilities of a stalemate or even a piecemeal "settlement" with its enemies. We must not exaggerate the dangers, especially as we cannot altogether dot the i's and cross the t's of the position as it is to-day. But we know enough now to agree that we have no right to minimise or pooh-pooh the danger or to delay in removing it. It is indeed a very grave danger which only the personal contacts of the principals can hope to remove. Meanwhile, it does not qualify the ideal which we in Britain should always strive to attain in international relations—to "be ourselves." The truth will out, sooner or later—the sooner the better, since there is so much danger in delay.

Gentle Reader.—

I often say that no one values letters from readers more than I do. And I get a large number. But I qualify this admission. I don't object to criticism if it be reasonably polite and constructive, but brutality, ill-manners and anonymous gall go straight into my w.p.b. half-read and unanswered. It is probably war weariness that accounts for an increase in purely destructive and petulant criticism of views which journalists express—and the war weariness may indeed be on both sides. The war has certainly gone on too long and has had its effect on our tempers and nerves; and sober man have begun already to ventilate in *The Times* the growing deterioration in public manners. But, with all allowances duly made, I view with distaste and anxiety the small minority of "gentle readers" who: (1) If I praise the Scot, bitterly condemn me for decrying the Englishman; (2) If I commend the effort of Russia, declare that I meanly belittle the war effort of Britain. It has been made clear enough how difficult is the job of those who allocate stars and medals to our fighting men. Their labours to reward good service create as much bitterness and jealousy as satisfaction and gratitude. Stars and medals are permanent memorials and tributes. A word of praise here or there in ephemeral journalism might reasonably be allowed to pass without evidences of jealousy. Our aim is to clear the decks for brotherhood and friendliness among men of goodwill and a more liberal outlook in human affairs. Gentle reader, if I rouse your jealousy when I praise your brother, consume that jealousy in silence. And if you *must* reveal it, at least sign your name to the document of human frailty and small-mindedness.

THE OLD STAGER

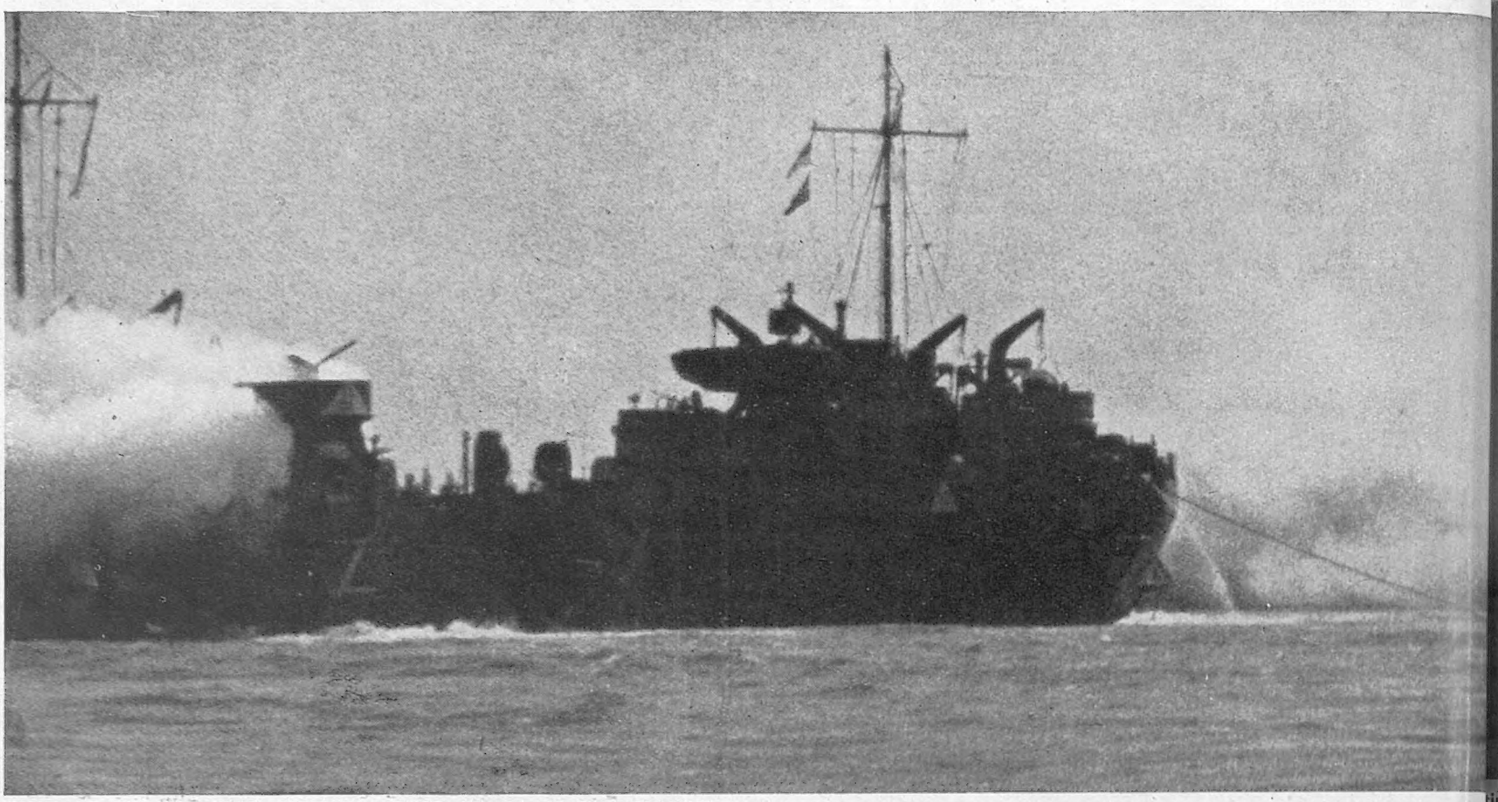
SALERNO: THE TOWN AT THE NORTHERN END OF THE BAY IS NOW DESERTED, after it had been looted and abandoned by the Germans. These American jeeps were amongst the first vehicles to pass through the town after its capture by the Allies: Vesuvius is seen in the distance. Salerno lies at the northern end of the twenty-five-mile stretch of beaches which served the Fifth Army for its bridgehead in the Naples area, and Agropoli (below) lies at the southern end

AGROPOLI: AT THE SOUTHERN END OF SALERNO BAY, TWENTY-FIVE MILES FROM SALERNO ITSELF. The town appears to be very peaceful now, but fierce fighting took place in its vicinity before the Germans fled. The white building in the foreground is the Headquarters of the Allied Military Government of the area

At the TWO ENDS of SALERNO GULF

Both of which are now Firmly in Allied Hands

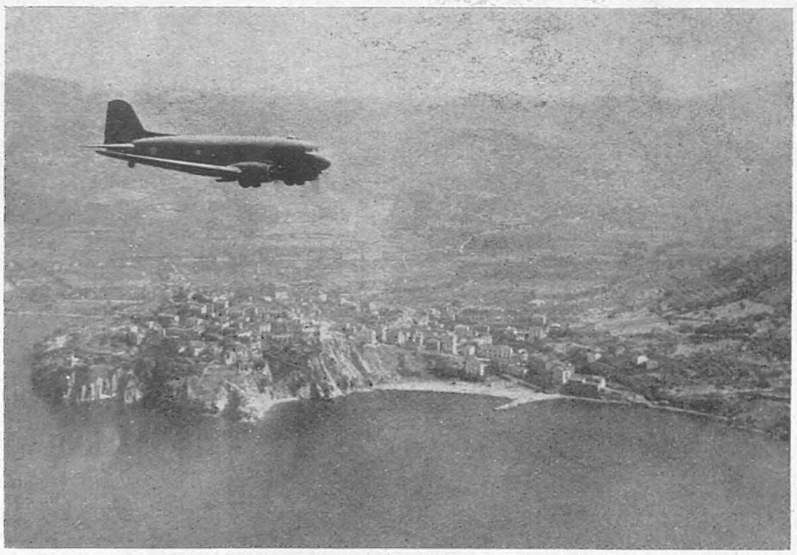
Before the linking up of the Fifth and the Eighth Armies, the battle in the Naples area raged along the strip of coast between Salerno and Agropoli. This is twenty-five miles in length with a maximum width of ten miles (as indicated in the large drawing published on pages 14 - 15 of this issue) It was here that the initial bridgeheads of the landing parties were established, and it was here that the battle swayed back and forth until the Germans were finally expelled and the Battle of Naples had begun. At the north of the Gulf of Salerno is the town of that name; at the south is the small town of Agropoli. Both are now firmly held by the Allies, with all the intervening territory; and landing craft have been discharging reinforcements and supplies without further enemy hindrance. The two pictures reproduced here were both taken after our occupation. Agropoli, from this first wireless picture, would appear to be comparatively undamaged; but the beautiful and historic town of Salerno has apparently suffered severely, with many of its buildings scarred by bombs, shellfire—and the inevitable Nazi looting.



TWO OF THE BIG NEW LANDING CRAFT GO IN TO THE BEACHES, LAYING THEIR OWN SMOKE-SCREEN: These are of the latest type, used for the l... vehicles and equipment. Despite their large size, they are of shallow draught and can be run right up on to the beach. They make their own smoke-scr...

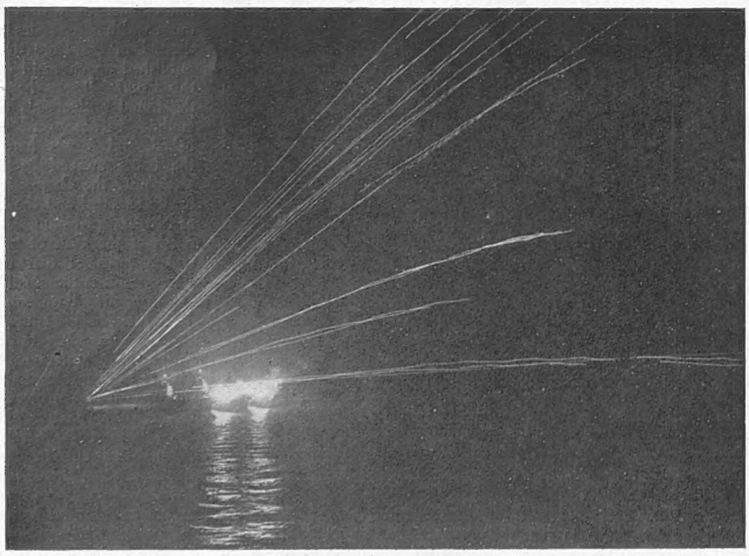
THE BATTLE FOR THE BEACHE...

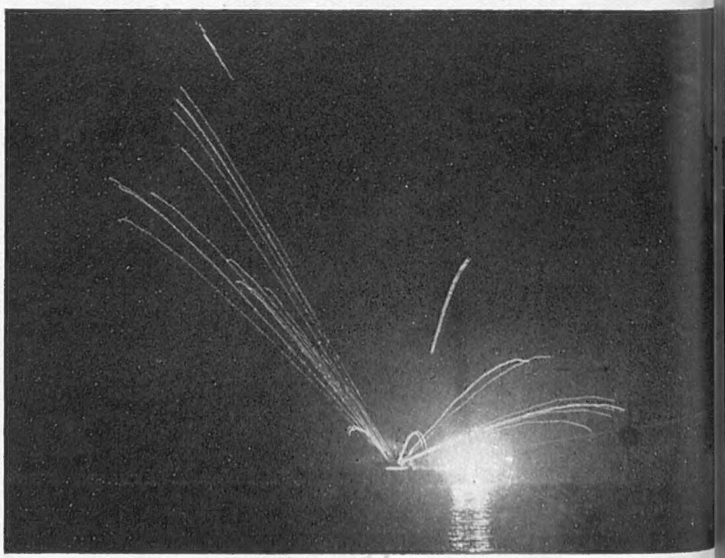
Official Pictures Taken During the First Days of the Very Heavy Fighting for the Salerno Bridgeheads



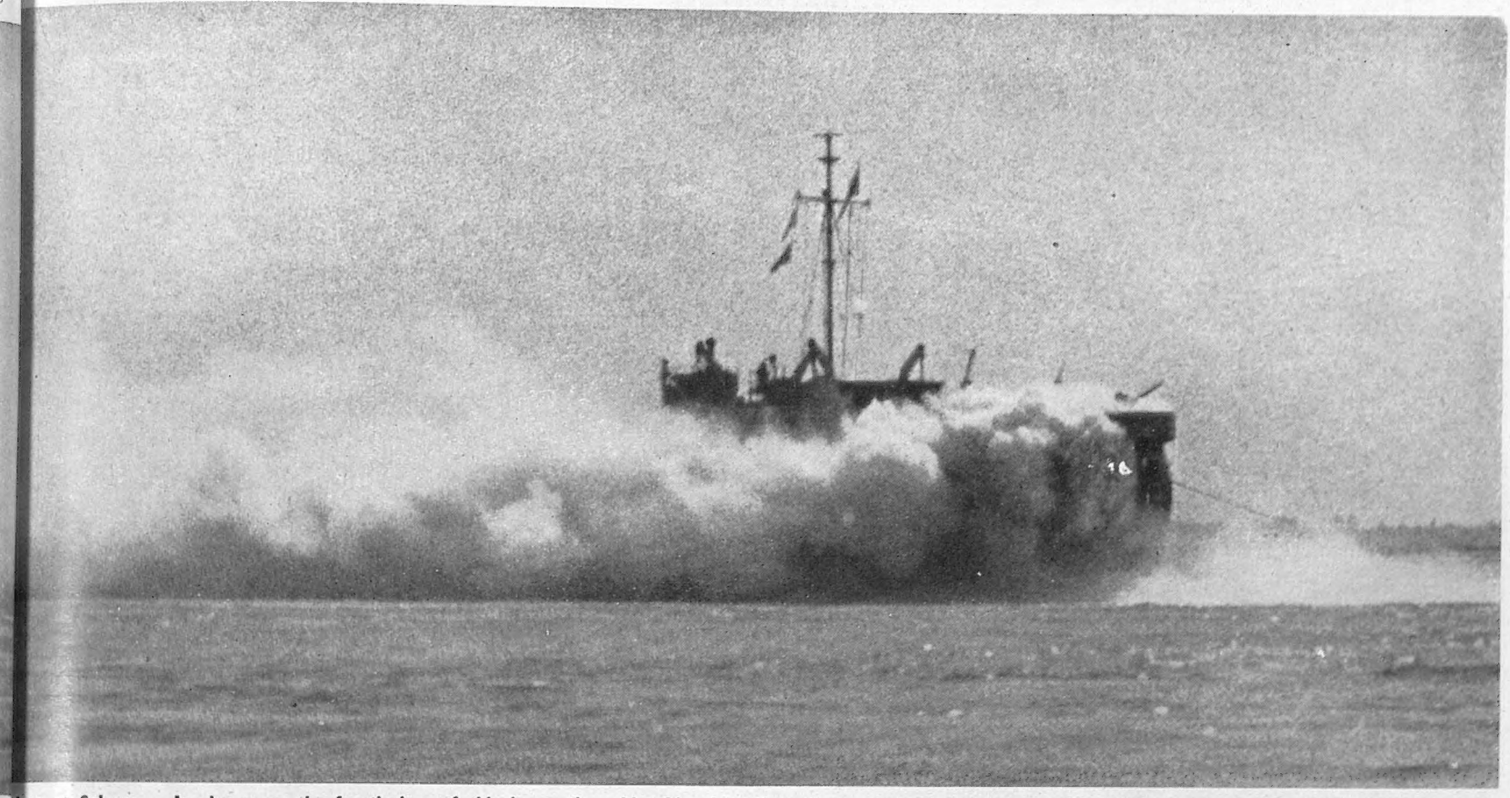
URGENT SUPPLIES WERE FLOWN TO SALERNO: Whilst heavy fighting was going on at the bridgeheads, essential supplies for the Allied land forces were flown in by an American transport plane. This picture was taken en route to the fighting zone, and shows the transport flying over Belvedere, near Castellamare

ON A CAPTURED AERODROME NEAR THE TOWN OF SALERNO: In the foregrou... is a German Focke-Wulf 190 which was captured intact: behind is ... is an Italian bomber which also fell into our hands. The soldiers ... Americans. A pile of newly-landed stores may be seen on the extreme ...





THE FLEET FIGHTS OFF A NIGHT AIR ATTACK IN SALERNO BAY. These two pictures were taken by moonlight from H.M.S. "Warspite" on the night of September 8... when units of the Mediterranean Fleet which were supporting the land operations were fighting off a low-level torpedo-bombing attack. It lasted for ab... two hours, during the course of which the destroyer "Inglefield" shot down one of the raiders and "Warspite" successfully dodged two torpedo... On the left is seen the eerie effect of anti-aircraft fire from the British ships. On the right A.-A. fire is seen streaming from an Aircraft-Carrier: aste... of the latter when the picture was taken was H.M.S. "Valiant," and the mainmast of "Warspite" shows faintly in the foreground



time at Salerno. As shown on the frontispiece of this issue, these big ships have huge doors cut in their bows, to allow of the quick disembarkation of the heaviest as they come in to land at good speed. Note in this picture, the height above the water-line and the big derricks on deck for dealing with heavy loads

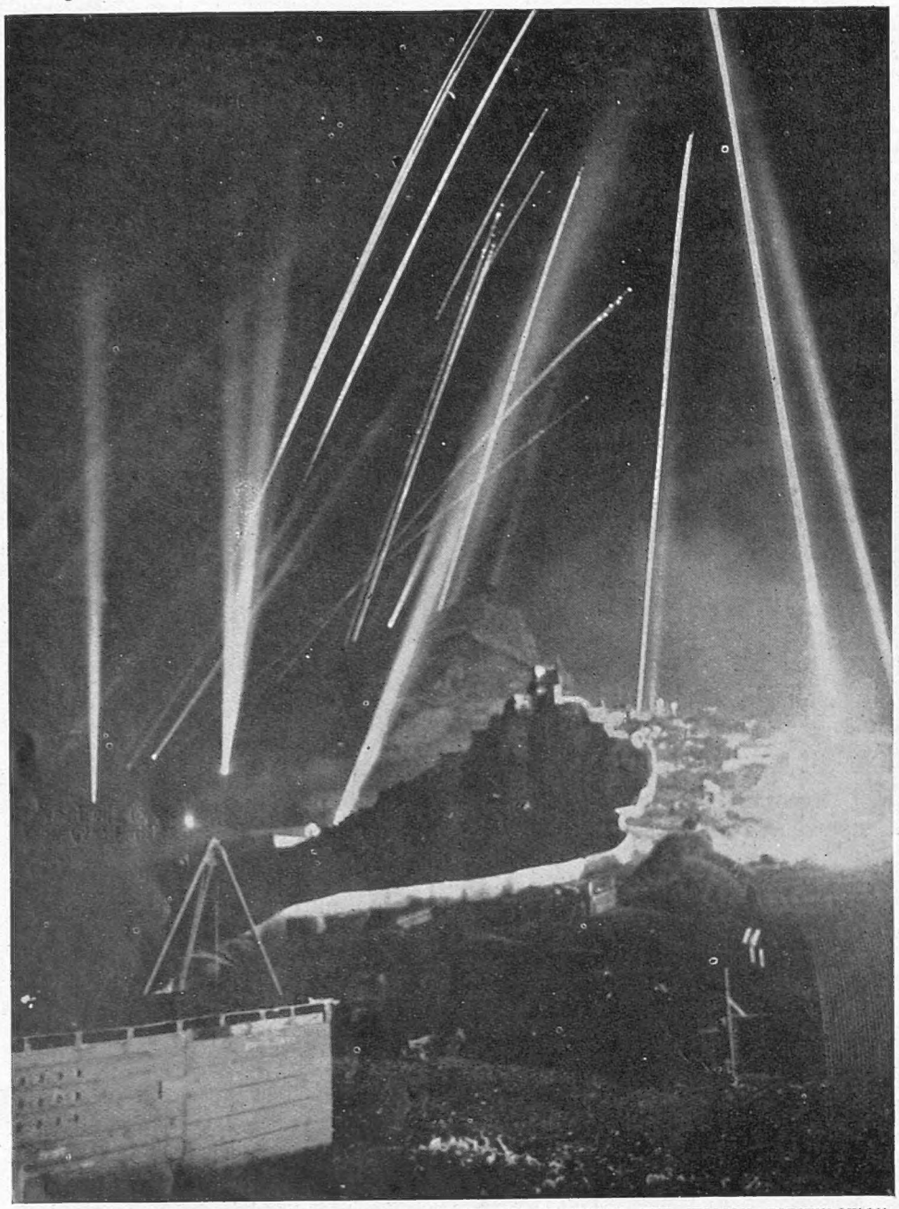
GERMAN PRISONERS COME DOWN TO THE BEACH, carrying their own wounded. The soldiers wore a variety of uniforms, some with civilian jackets and headgear. The bay in the background is seen to be crowded with Allied shipping, and in the foreground is a landing pontoon

HUDDLED UP ON THE SANDY BEACH. This was one of the first prison camps set up by the Allies to hold the captives. It was roughly constructed out of a few strands of barbed wire and guarded by just a handful of British soldiers

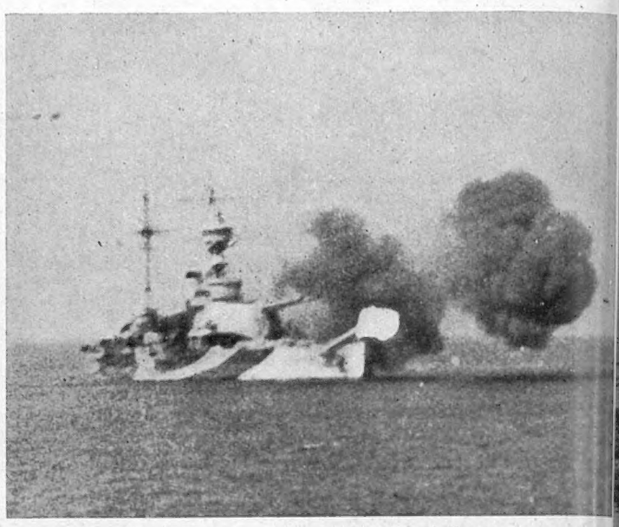
On left—THE GERMANS WHO LIVED IN THIS TENT NEAR SALERNO LEFT IN A HURRY. They were gunners: their wrecked 88 mm. is seen in the background. The American soldier is scanning their abandoned newspapers, which included copies of the "Volkischer Beobachter" and the "Frankfurter Zeitung." *Above*—NAZI 88-MM. GUNS KNOCKED OUT ON THE BEACH. They had been planted here directly in the path of our landing forces, but they were quickly overcome. Other batteries of 88's in the hill country surrounding the beaches, however, continued to hamper operations very considerably until they too were finally eliminated

ITALY:

The Part Played by the "Warspite" and the Monitors; General Alexander at Salerno; How Gibraltar Celebrated the Italian Capitulation



A WONDERFUL SPECTACLE: ALL GIBRALTAR LIT UP TO CELEBRATE THE ITALIAN CAPITULATION. Cheers and applause rang out through the streets, when the anti-aircraft defences of The Rock put up a special barrage in celebration of Italy's surrender. Heavy and light batteries fired three prearranged barrages into a cone formed by searchlights and tracer shells from light A.-A. guns. The whole of the rocky peninsula was illuminated in the manner shown here, as the black-out no longer applied, with Italy out of the war

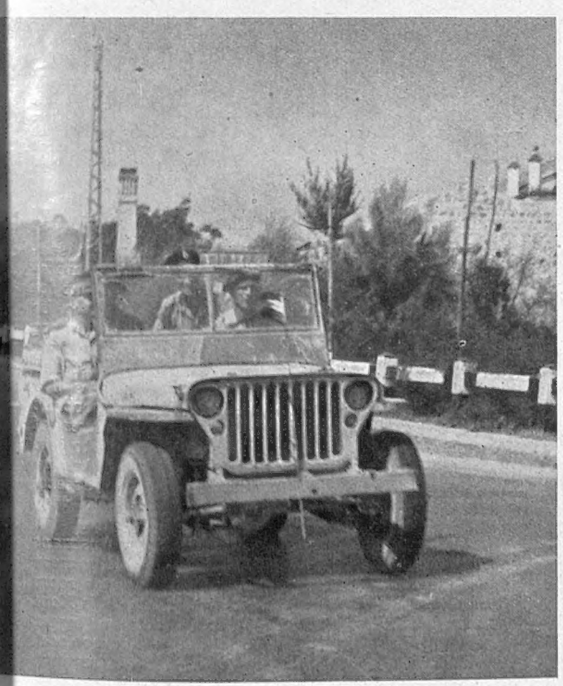


IN THE SALERNO AREA: A monitor of the Royal Navy giving support to our forces on shore. At critical stages of the fighting naval guns of all types bombarded the German lines and wrought much havoc

CAPTAIN PACKER, OF H.M.S. "WARSPITE" (on right), with telephone to his ear, directs the bombardment of Reggio from the bridge. The Navigator is in the centre, and the Officer of the Watch on the left

WHEN THE BATTLESHIP "WARSPITE" WENT CLOSE INSHORE TO BOMBARD REGGIO. This picture was taken at the opening of the offensive on the mainland of Europe, when big capital ships of the Royal Navy carried out a devastating attack. It shows the scene on the bridge of H.M.S. "Warspite" as batteries on shore received a heavy pounding from the 35,000-ton battleship's 15-in. guns. The Italian coastline can be seen in the distance, showing how close the big ship went in to deliver her attack

VIEW OF SALERNO HARBOUR AFTER ITS OCCUPATION BY THE ALLIES. Large-scale demolitions by the enemy and heavy destruction due to previous Allied air attacks had to be cleared from the harbour: the port then became a focal point in the Allied supply system, and material for the Fifth Army was soon being unloaded on a large scale. In the foreground of this picture are a number of partly-completed vessels found near the mole after our occupation. Away on the right is a view of the steep Italian coastline which covers the way into the interior towards Naples



GENERAL ALEXANDER'S VISIT TO THE SALERNO FRONT. During his flying visit to the Fifth Army to see the progress made around Salerno, General Alexander (who is in charge of all the military operations in Italy) was accompanied by the American General Mark Clark and Air Marshal Coningham. On the left he is seen in a jeep during his tour of the battle area; on the right he is leaving the beach after lunch in an American motor-launch, with General Clark (behind), Air Marshal Coningham (on right) and other officers

AUSTRIA TURNS from the NATIVE SON

Germany now Needs Austria More than Ever; but the Austrians are Resenting the "Piffkes" in their Country, and would Like to Break Free from the Prussian Yoke. By FERDINAND TUOHY

IT is only natural that at this juncture there should be a tendency to see sunnier prospects (from our viewpoint) in Axis lands held down by the Germans, than local situations actually warrant. Not a doubt but that the accusing finger now trembles in these satellite lands, too, that hostility, anger, and disgust are mounting in the Nazis' respect. Yet how these people feel, and what they can do about it, require to be constantly kept divorced in our reckoning.

This duality appears clearly focussed in the case of Austria, now right in the centre of the war picture as a result of transalpine transformation. The next six to nine months are likely to be among the most hectic ever lived by Austrians whose land, toil and submissive acceptance are imperatively demanded by the Native Son at bay. Indeed weirder eventual changes could befall than a move of Hitler's Field Headquarters to Berchtesgaden, so intimately does Austria look like being woven into the core of resistance of a shrinking "Fortress."

Consider some of the reasons why Germany needs Austria, even in her truncated form, more than ever in the past.

A PAGE FROM RECENT AUSTRIAN HISTORY: In 1933, the Austrian Government banned the wearing of Nazi uniforms. Some young men then held a demonstration through the streets of Vienna wearing ordinary suits, but with top hats on which the swastika was prominently displayed. The Government then announced that "top hats with badges" constituted a uniform, and banned the wearing of them. Probably these same young men are to-day bitterly regretting their advocacy of Nazism in 1933

To begin with, the Italian round-about-turn renders Austria the principal bulwark protecting Germany against invasion from the South, alike from Italy or the Balkans. Without air attack, that is to say with a roof on the "Fortress," the Germans might be justified in deeming hundreds of miles of Alps and Dolomites to be impassable by an enemy, and even with that fateful roof gone, German optimists doubtless visualise these mountain ranges being held by a chain of positions akin to the Etna one in Sicily.

This tactical aspect is reinforced when we come to Austria's fine system of military roads. Without them, supplies and, above all, munitions from the Czech cauldron, could not be transferred with sufficient speed to the southern fronts. And the same necessarily refers to the arms output in Austria.

In what should prove a vain attempt to get away from cascade raids, the Germans are striving to set up in Austria as much of their war arsenal as they can. No need to heed tales of the Ruhr being shifted en bloc; yet every war plant and factory that *can* be moved to Austria, *is* being moved in that direction because nowhere better offers. Nor is it possible to alter this change-over now that the Allied bombers are hundreds of miles closer than when it was developed. And in any case, even without the new arrivals, huge enterprises had been launched in Austria between 1941 and 1943, of which the Ostmark Aircraft and Goering Works at Linz and Vienna are the chief.

Then the Nazis have doubled Austrian agriculture and cut Austrian consumption by half. They cannot contemplate relaxing such food supplies. And to this food extraction they hope to add in the current year 1,000,000 tons of Austrian oil.

Again, the Nazis are using Austria as a main evacuation region from the bombed-out towns and cities of the Reich. On top of hundreds of thousands of foreign slave-workers are piled as many women, children, sick and old people. All from Germany and with the prospect of many more to come, though future misery-migrations are to be deflected to rural southern Austria, provided sufficient room is left there by the hordes of German settlers leaving threatened Vienna. Many parts of the Reich's governmental machine had gone there, and now one hears there is a clever idea of locating them instead in Prague which the Allies are sure not to bomb!

Finally, the Native Son has every intention of squeezing the last of Austrian man-power into the firing line now that satellite sources are drying up. For Hitler considers Austria as the Reich. Last year he got about 800,000 men out of a population of 6,500,000. Nearly all Austrians are to-day well mixed with German battalions, as their war ardour wanes. Whenever they can, Austrians give themselves up to the Russians, while Austrian prisoners taken in Tunisia, Sicily and Italy made no secret that they were only pretending to fight alongside the Germans. Yet Austrian formations have fought well on their own, notably in Norway and the Caucasus, and this is clearly the stamp that Hitler hopes to mould and develop for his mountain defensive.

There you have some of the reasons the Germans want the Austrians. Now consider why the Austrians have never less wanted the Germans—or "Piffkes," as Vienna is calling them. I make the rash guess that a Piffke implies something in the way of a boorish, plundering comic, and a Prussian. At all events, the Piffkes are now universally looked upon as a blight and their war as a disaster for Austria. The Austrians know they made mistakes, such as Cardinal Innitzer's kow-towing. Yet they feel that less than 500,000 of fresh and joyous youth really went forth to greet Hitler, and the present certain disaster is made more bitter by the knowledge that Austria had just gained the sympathy and ear of most of Europe that mattered.

Said Mr. Churchill shortly after Hitler's Vienna joy-ride: "Throughout the whole of the truncated Austrian State there exist all the forces and factors against which the cult of Nazi-ism wages its unrelenting war." This reading may have sinned by omission. Austria never at any time was a self-governing democracy, what with her Seipels and her Dollfusses. None the less, there is a lot to be said for classing Austria as another occupied country, now and when peace is mapped. For all the signs are that the Austrians want the Germans out every bit as much as did the Italians. It seems to have been the Wiener Neustadt raid that shook the Austrians finally awake to the extent of the disaster brought upon them by the Native Son. Maps were got out as Allied bombers drew nearer and the long-cherished picture of an Austria tucked away safely, faded out. It could only be a matter of weeks before the fearful cascade fell in full.

And the Piffkes who have brought things to this pass, the gate-crashing, devouring, slave-driving Prussians, mean to stay till Austria's ruin! The Austrians look around and find their own land run from end to end by Piffkes, from Governor von Shirach, whose morals required his removal as head of the Hitler Youth, to the local postmaster, bank manager, mayor and factory overseer. The Mayor of Vienna is a German, and so is Kaltenbrunner, the notorious killer-policeman. But he cannot get any more recruits for his S.S. and Gestapo, so has begun to impress young men.

Yet the Austrians still have to edge aside to make room for the latest distracted, gloom-struck German evacuees, Piffkes from the North who are thoroughly uncongenial types even at the best of times; the rightful possessors have to fight at food counters and communal kitchens beside these swarming locusts. And that parallel descent of foreign workers, putting fright into Austrian women as the poor wretches prowl the streets.

The spectacle of Vienna, now being part-evacuated, is the more striking for its having been so long the pleasure magnet and escape centre of profiteering, Party-fattened Nazis and their families. Piffkes, vassals and neutrals used to flock to Vienna to buy, celebrate and get away from the war. Now the capital of Wein, Weibe und Gesang, 1939-1943 version, is limned in sinister, frightening pattern. Grey, joyless and silent. Packed by a down-at-heel multitude, 500,000 above pre-war. Violence lurking at every turn from droves of unruly, sullen, conscripted foreign workers "like hungry ghosts." The Allies will have to get quickly into Vienna when the moment strikes, airborne, if possible, to prevent reddest revolution.

Maybe the volume and tempo of revolt against the plagueing Piffkes might be increased if the victims were given more definitely to understand that they are held to be occupied by an enemy and are on the list for succour and aid accordingly. If we take back the Italians as friends during a dread conflict to which they were prime accessories, why not the Austrians?

IN 1934 DOLLFUSS WAS ASSASSINATED BY NAZI ORDERS: After the Chancellor's murder heavily armed police and soldiers rounded up all suspects: the sewers and old buildings of Vienna were thoroughly searched, and concealed arms were discovered in the most unlikely places—demonstrating, once again, Nazi thoroughness in underhand intrigue

A friendly and stronger Austria armed in self-respect and physically against any further temptation to the Anschluss will be a sound investment for Britain and others, too. Vienna is bound to be for long a centre of Continental reconstruction, so that the United Nations could control on the spot the new Republic's efforts to shake off the past and "build up an internal régime on the principles of a real democracy, in political, social and economic affairs." That is Dr. Ripka, Czech Minister of State, and he adds that his country is ready to join in international guarantees to a restored Austria shorn of all Pan-German tendencies. The Czechs, he says, will be ready to collaborate closely with such an Austria, politically and economically.

The dirtiest trick Hitler played on his Austrians was to evacuate 200,000 Tyrolese so that his great man, Mussolini, might pour Italians in their room into a province as much a part of Austria as is Kent of England. There are going to be far bigger migrations-back after this war, than a mere 200,000, and the field seems singularly clear for the reversal of a Versailles error, which would give self-respect back to the Austrians more surely than anything else we might do. The other thing that Austria might be given in fairness, for peace and quiet, and for the health of all of us, is a free zone at Trieste.

THEN CAME THE DAY OF THE GERMAN INVASION—and Austria ceased to exist as a separate entity: This picture was taken on March 13, 1938: it shows the 61st German Infantry Regiment crossing the border at Kiefersfelden. The Austrian Customs House is seen on the left, with the Frontier Barrier raised

A.M.G.O.T. GETS to WORK in SICILY

How the Civil Affairs Administration is Operating on the Island To-day

IN PALERMO, CAPITAL OF THE ISLAND. This building, flying the American and British flags, is the Headquarters of A.M.G.O.T. Outside is a line of Sicilians waiting to register for assistance

CIVILIANS AWAITING THEIR DAILY BREAD RATION. Thousands of Sicilians were on the verge of starvation when the Allies entered the country. The retreating soldiers confiscated all transportable food and other resources

GATHERED OUTSIDE THE A.M.G.O.T. HEADQUARTERS TO OBTAIN THEIR CASH RELIEF ALLOWANCE from the Allied Nations. The Axis forces confiscated all food and other resources: the Sicilian cities and people were left hungry and, in most cases, utterly without means other than through such agencies as A.M.G.O.T.

BEHIND THE COUNTERS ARE PALERMO CIVILIANS now employed by Amgot. They are weighing out the daily bread allowance for their fellow citizens at one of the many shops set up by the Allies in the Capital

CITIZENS OF PALERMO REGISTERING AT THE A.M.G.O.T. OFFICES FOR RELIEF ALLOWANCES

On left—**A PALERMO WOMAN WHO HAS JUST RECEIVED HER DAILY MONEY ALLOWANCE. Men and women are allowed twenty lire, with a further five lire for each child**

The Allied Military Government of Occupied Territory (A.M.G.O.T. for short) is now at work throughout the island of Sicily. From various centres, such as Palermo and Syracuse, the task of feeding the civil population is in progress, and relief work is already ameliorating the lot of the town-dwellers, who were the principal victims of the previous Axis occupants of the island. One of the first tasks before the Allied officials was to stabilise the currency: before the war the lira was equivalent to about ninety to the English pound. To-day, the rate is somewhere around 400 to the pound. Each person who registers with Amgot for relief receives twenty lire a day, with an additional five lire for each child. These figures are based on the former Italian Relief System, which is being maintained. With this money the civilians may purchase whatever they wish. In addition, there is a bread ration issued daily, to make up for the food shortage.

NEUTRAL SWITZERLAND STANDS to ARMS

WHAT THE FRENCH HAVE GOT OUT OF THE ITALIAN SURRENDER: In the year 1859, Napoleon III of France undertook to help Italy gain her independence as far as the Adriatic. This undertaking was never completely carried out; but, as a reward for his promised help, Napoleon claimed for France the provinces of Savoy and Nice. These were eventually ceded to that country by the Treaty of Turin in 1860. Before the war, Italy claimed these territories back; and when France fell in the summer of 1940, Mussolini renewed his oft-reiterated demand for the return of these provinces, and Italian soldiers were put into them, much to the humiliation of the French. But, in September 1943, there came another sudden reversal! Owing to the Italian surrender, Hitler once again "restored" both Savoy and Nice to France; on September 14 the two provinces were handed over to Laval (of all people) as part of Germany's revenge towards a defeated and surrendered Italy

The Little State which is Now Surrounded Entirely by One Big Warring Nation—Nazi Germany

For four years the neutral State of Switzerland has lived in uneasy peace. To-day, she is a beleaguered country, threatened on all her frontiers by one country alone—Germany. There is no way in, or out, except across territory held by the Nazis.

In face of this threatening situation, the frontier troops of the tiny country are now standing to arms. Economically, the country is at the mercy of the Nazis; but militarily the proud Swiss declare that they will never submit willingly.

As the drawing below shows, along the Rhine Switzerland is very vulnerable, for here her land frontiers are unprotected by the Alps. But entry by this means—or any other—will avail the Nazis little. Because all the tunnels (which Germany wants most of all, because through these alone can her through routes to Northern Italy and South-East France be secured) are mined: these the Swiss are ready to blow up. And their armies would retreat to the impenetrable Alpine passes, there to continue to wage war against the invaders.

There can be few instances in history when a country has been so circumstanced in war as Switzerland to-day. Undoubtedly, she stands in grave danger; but undoubtedly, too, she will do all in her power to stave off that danger by every fighting means possible.

THE WATCH ON THE GREAT SWISS TUNNELS: THE SCENE AT THE SOUTHERN END OF THE LOETSCHBERG, THIRD LONGEST OF THE GREAT ALPINE TUNNELS, where soldiers of the Swiss Army now maintain ceaseless guard. Like all the other vital tunnels, the Loetschberg has been mined throughout its length of nine miles. Should the Germans invade the country, the charges would be fired and the tunnels would become impassable to the warring nations, despite that it would take years and many millions of money to repair the damage. It is possible that this threat has hitherto restrained the Germans from swallowing up Switzerland, which now is entirely surrounded by the German hordes on all sides. The Loetschberg Tunnel shown above is one of the few routes through the Alps into Northern Italy: apart from these railway tunnels, the mountain passes —especially in winter—would be quite impracticable for a modern army—*Drawing by E. Osmond*

THE SWISS ARMY: Some idea of the tasks involved in military operations in Switzerland is given in this picture. It shows a 7·5 gun being hauled up a high mountain range. The men have to face cold and sudden storms, and the nature of the country increases their task immensely. Thirty to forty men have to haul on the ropes where the going is particularly bad

On left—**SWITZERLAND'S UNFORTUNATE POSITION TO-DAY: A bird's-eye view of the country, showing (a) the mountain frontiers; (b) the lake frontier; and (c) the low ground frontier facing Germany. Switzerland is now completely surrounded by one Power—Germany—which can completely blockade her from all sides, a situation which she has never experienced before. The Germans are in complete control in France and in Italy, so that the Swiss have no outlet but by courtesy of the Nazis. Yet they are stubbornly resisting every un-neutral demand, and will go down fighting if their country is invaded—after they have blown up their great railway tunnels!** *Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

A TANK DETACHMENT IS REVIEWED BY THE SWISS C.-IN-C.: Tanks in adequate numbers are reported to be included amongst the equipment of the big army which Switzerland has maintained in readiness since the war came so close to her frontiers. More than once the Swiss have stated their determination to maintain their neutrality, and have taxed their resources to the utmost to implement that determination. General Guisan, the C.-in-C. of the Swiss Army, is here seen making an inspection of a Swiss tank division: he is the figure in the kepi on the extreme right, with his back to the camera

PROGRESS in the WAR by AIR

Technical Advances just Revealed, and Actual Battle Scenes Portrayed, by Sphere Artists

"SHARPSHOOTING" FROM FOUR MILES UP: American bombers attacking the German U-boat locks (A) and submarine pens (B) at La Pallice. To the bomb-aimers who took part in the raid on the German U-boat bases at La Pallice on September 16 by daylight, the targets—A and B in the above picture—were but tiny specks on the ground some four miles below: nevertheless both locks and pens were hit fair and square. The reason for such amazing accuracy is a secret device developed by the American Army Air Force: this, it is stated, provides a stable platform for high-altitude bombing of vastly increased accuracy, and its use is said to be "equivalent to a material increase in the number of planes participating in any given attack." The auto-pilot device is designed "to take over completely the duties of the pilot on bombing runs and to hold the plane on a designated course without wavering." In addition to the submarine locks and pens at A and B, the circle in the upper right shows another concentration of bombs being dropped on the dispersal area of an enemy airfield

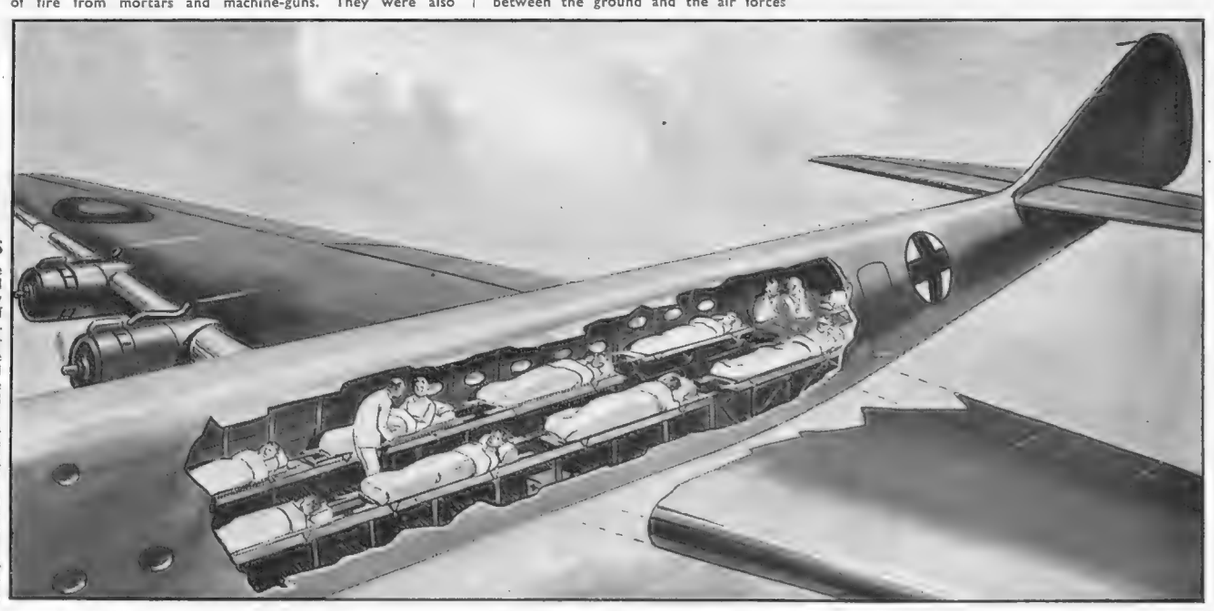
A SURPRISING SIGHT ON THE OCEAN FLOOR-BED discovered by a British naval diver—a complete Dornier bomber, which was later raised intact. This unusual experience fell to Chief Artificer-Diver A. W. Gibson who has carried out many dives around these shores since the outbreak of war. The Dornier he saw was quite complete and undamaged—probably it had come down as the result of engine trouble: it was resting snugly on the soft ocean bed. Later, the aircraft was raised intact—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"CHANDELIER FLARES" as used in the Sicilian fighting. These flares are used by the defenders during an enemy air attack: they are shot up into the night sky to illuminate the bombing aircraft, and thus give the gunners a sight of their targets. They were used by the Allies in Sicily, and the Germans are making use of similar flares to light up R.A.F. bombers during the course of our heavy raids on German industrial centres.

On left—**BRITISH BOMBERS HAVE CABLE-CUTTERS TO DEAL WITH ENEMY BARRAGE BALLOONS.** This drawing reveals details of a secret which has been kept almost since the first day of the war. It shows the cable-cutter fitted to special British aircraft whose job it is to go in before a low-level attack and sweep away the enemy's balloon barrage. The cutter is quite small: it weighs only a few pounds, but is so powerful that it can cut through the heaviest wire almost instantaneously. It is reported that sixteen of these devices are fitted to each bomber. The drawing shows the manner in which the cutter works: as the wing strikes the cable, the latter slides outwards or inwards. The moment it comes into contact with the cable-cutter, the wire is severed and the detached balloon then soars away, the lower part of the cable falling back to earth. The cable-cutter is made to very accurate dimensions in a special village factory near London. In the drawing the aircraft depicted is a four-engined Halifax—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

HOW KITTYHAWK FIGHTER-BOMBERS HELPED THE EIGHTH ARMY AT VIBO VALENTIA, when the Germans put up a brief but hot defence against the Allied landings on the shores of the Gulf of Eufemia in the "Instep" on the western coast of Italy—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

When the Eighth Army had successfully landed in the "Toe," it was then decided to make further landings higher up the coast, at Vibo Valentia, in the Gulf of Eufemia. The beach was found unprotected by either mines or barbed wire, and it was not until the British force was firmly ashore that the enemy guns opened up on our landing parties. For some time our men were subjected to a concentration of fire from mortars and machine-guns. They were also dive-bombed, while the presence of an 88-mm. gun-battery for the time being effectively prevented the landing of further craft. Air support was accordingly ordered up. After Kittyhawks had made a series of attacks on the enemy's gun positions, these field pieces were hastily withdrawn and the Allied operation continued to a successful conclusion—another instance of perfect co-operation between the ground and the air forces



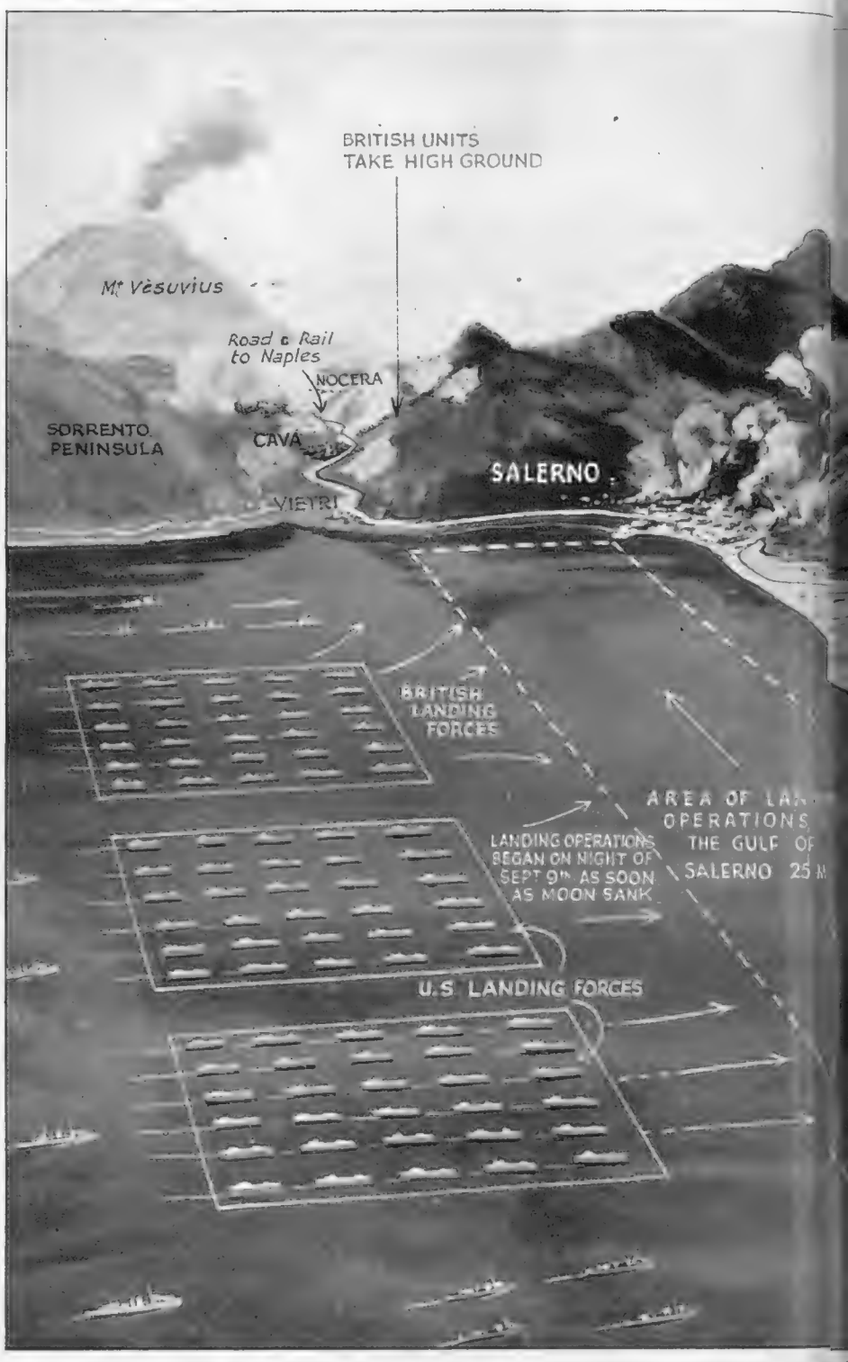
***On right*—THE RED CROSS PLANES OF THE R.A.F.** This is the method by which many of our wounded were evacuated from Sicily and are now being evacuated from Italy in cases of emergency. The aircraft is an Armstrong Whitworth "Ensign II," an air liner which has a crew of four and space for forty passengers: when equipped with beds for lying-down cases, the number of passengers would not exceed about twenty, plus doctors, orderlies, etc. This aircraft has been in use for a long time in the Middle East: a feature of its design is the manner in which the fuselage projects far in advance of the leading edge of the wing, so that, in addition to the compartment shown in section form here, there would be another compartment forward. It is probable that the stretchers are placed on runners in the manner indicated. The Ensign II has a cruising speed of about 180 m.p.h., and a normal range of nearly 1,400 miles—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

The BATTLE for the BRIDGEHEAD

The Twenty-five-mile Strip of Beach South of Salerno where a Vital Battle was Fought by the Allied Fifth Army—and Won, in the Face of Great Odds

BEFORE THE LANDINGS WERE MADE: The scene during an enemy attack on the invasion fleet before it set sail for Salerno. The sky is filled with tracer patterns as the hundreds of guns of the Fleet put up a fierce barrage against the bombing aircraft

AS THE LANDING CRAFT WENT IN, a destroyer laid down a smoke-screen to cover the approach to the beach. Note the anti-aircraft guns on the warship pointing to the skies



HOW THE INFANTRY MOVED UP INTO THE INTERIOR AFTER THE LANDINGS AT SALERNO. This is the main road to Pasanara, and the British troops are passing two enemy medium tanks which had been knocked out a little earlier. The Germans had made strong concentrations of tank forces behind the beaches and they used them to good advantage in the earlier phases of the battle: but, as more and more reinforcements arrived, they were gradually forced back—aided, throughout the whole of the critical fighting, by the guns of the Allied Fleet lying close inshore in the Gulf of Salerno

THE "SALERNO TRIANGLE" AND THE FIERCE FIGHTING FOR THE POSSESSION OF ITS VITAL BEACHES. This view shows the scene from the Agropoli positions at the southern end of the 25-mile strip. Salerno and the vital hill road by way of Vietri and Nocera to the plain overlooking Naples are shown in the upper left hand; and the direction of the great German tank onslaught is also indicated—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

South of Salerno, along the beaches fronting the Gulf of the same name, are level stretches extending for 25 miles down to Agropoli: inland the flat country extends for some ten miles, the widest portion being athwart the River Sele. On the night of September 9, as soon at the moon sank, a large landing force of British and American troops were put ashore at this spot. And, immediately, the "Battle of the Triangle" was on. One of the objects of the Allies was to secure the road from Salerno by way of Vietri and Nocera to the plain which overlooks the city of Naples: possession of this road, also, would automatically have put the Sorrento Peninsula into our hands. The Germans had known of our coming, and had prepared for it. Only small parts of the beaches were available for disembarkation, in addition to the harbour of Salerno itself; and very soon the landing forces were being beset by formidable tank and infantry concentrations and by artillery posted in the hills. The main enemy assault was made by a strong force of tanks, operating across the road to the south of Battipaglia. The position for a time looked serious—even desperate. But finally the attacks were beaten off, the enemy was driven back, our hold on the beaches consolidated—and the even greater battle for Naples was beginning. The special drawing above shows the salient geographical points of Salerno and its beaches, and it also indicates the manner in which the Allied Fleets went into the Bay for the landings

SOON AFTER THE INITIAL LANDINGS, A NUMBER OF GERMAN PRISONERS WERE CAPTURED. Later, the Germans made claims to have taken large numbers of British and American troops. The fighting throughout was of a sanguinary nature, and casualties on both sides were not light. Note the British soldiers lining the side of the road on the left as the enemy prisoners come in

TWO OF THE BIGGEST SHIPS OF THE SURRENDERED NAVY STEAM DOWN FROM TARANTO AND ARE MET BY UNITS OF THE BRITISH FLEET WHO LED TH INTO MALTA: The battleships of the Cavour class (25,000 tons, ten 12·6-in. guns) being escorted by a British destroyer of the old Admiralty class—*Drawing by Montague Do*

By the early morning of September 11, the best part of the warships of the Italian Navy had entered Valetta Harbour to surrender, in response to Admiral Cunningham's appeal to seek shelter in British waters. One force came from Spezia: another from Taranto. In all, by the 11th, there were four battleships, seven cruisers and ten destroyers safe in harbour: other vessels followed later. The ships from Taranto were the two battleships illustrated here, two cruisers and five destroyers. It was after dawn that the British Navy came up with the Italian battle fleet from Taranto. It was steaming in line ahead with the battleship *Andrea Doria* in front and the battleship *Giulio* behind it: other ships w following. All were flying the Italian flag and a black flag to denote that they were surrende in accordance with Admiral Cunningham's instructions. They looked spick and span were really a fine sight, with the crews of each ship standing to attention along the de Both the vessels in the above drawing are 12·6-in.-gun battleships of 25,000 tons, wi complement of nearly 1,200 officers and men: they were extensively reconstructed before the war

THE ITALIAN CRUISER "EUGENIO DI SAVOIA," WHICH ARRIVED AT MALTA FROM SPEZIA, lying at her anchorage about one mile outside the Grand Harbour. T vessel was the flagship of Admiral Romeo Oliva, the Italian Commander-in-Chief, and later the Admiral in this ship led his surrendered fleet from Malta Alexandria. The "Eugenio di Savoia" was completed in 1936: she is an 8,500-ton, 6-in.-gun cruiser which is capable of the very high speed of 36½ kn

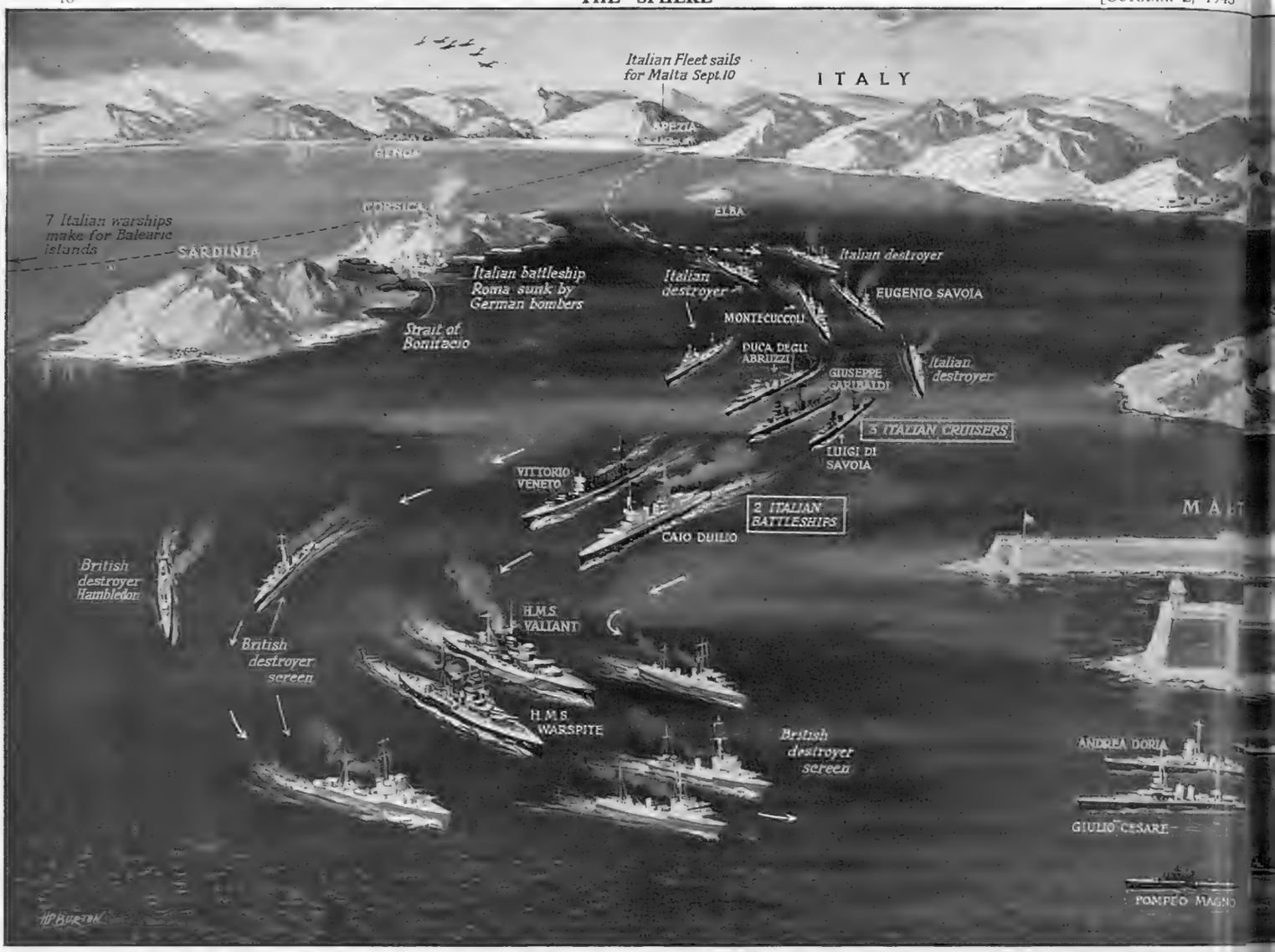
THE SURRENDER OF THE ITALIAN FLEET

—An Event which is Unique in Naval History

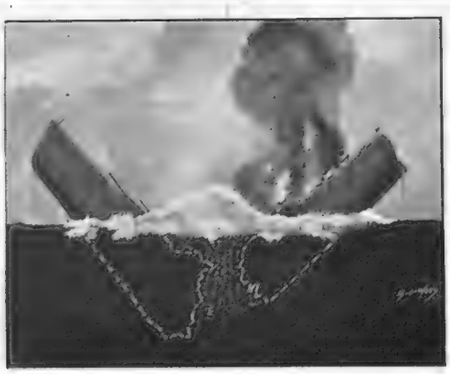
Special *Sphere* Drawings of the Arrival of Capital Ships, Cruisers and Destroyers in the Grand Harbour at Valetta (*See also two following pages*)

ON THE BRIDGE OF THE "WARSPITE," which led the Italian Fleet in. On the latter part of their journey from Spezia, the Italian ships from the northern Italian naval base were led in to Malta by the two mighty battleships *Warspite* and *Valiant*. The former was commanded by Captain Packer, and wore the flag of Rear-Admiral A. W. La T. Bissett. Above, the latter officer is seen on the bridge of the fine old veteran *Warspite*, which has played so fine a part in British naval operations during the present war

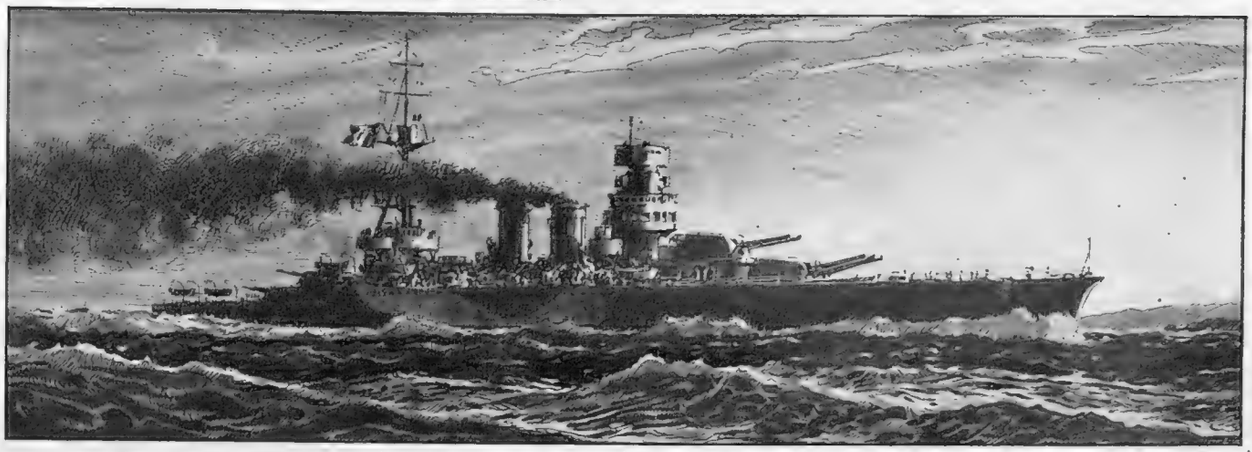
Below—**HOW THE FORMAL SURRENDER WAS MADE: Admiral Romeo Olivia, C.-in-C. of the Italian Fleet, steps ashore from the Admiral's barge at Malta to be received by Commodore Royar M. Dick, Admiral Cunningham's Chief of Staff.** At 4.30 p.m. on September 11 the Admiral formally surrendered his Fleet. He was brought ashore from his flagship, the cruiser *Eugenio di Savoia*, in a Royal Navy pinnace: he wore a peaked naval cap, with a white jacket bearing two rows of ribbons, and black trousers. He "did not seem unhappy," said one report, as he shook hands with Admiral Cunningham's Chief of Staff. It was an historic scene, witnessed by only a handful of civilians who were lining a road high up the hill overlooking the harbour



HOW THE ITALIAN FLEET SAILED IN FROM SPEZIA AND TARANTO: A DIAGRAMMATIC IMPRESSION OF THE ROUTE DOWN THE ITALIAN COAST TO VALETTA HARBOUR, showing the principal vessels of the surrendered Fleet. Those from Spezia are seen on the left, being escorted by the British battleships "Warspite" and "Valiant"; those from Taranto are seen in the bottom right. The grand total of surrendered Italian ships is now over one hundred: all the principal vessels have been accounted for. The spot at which the battleship "Roma" was sunk is also indicated in this diagram—*Drawing by H. P. Burton*



Above and on left: **HOW THE BATTLESHIP "ROMA" WAS SUNK BY THE GERMANS.** *Roma* was the newest of the Italian capital ships: she was 35,000 tons, mounted 15-in. guns, and had been launched as recently as June 1940. *Roma* formed part of the Spezia Fleet, and she was attacked in the Strait of Bonifacio by German dive-bombers. It is believed that she was incomplete, some accounts stating that her deck armour had not yet been fitted, making her a vulnerable target from above. There can be little doubt that this mighty vessel sank in the manner shown in these two drawings—a bomb must have penetrated to the central magazine, despite the protection of armour plating (if fitted), the subsequent explosion breaking her back and causing the battleship to fall apart into halves, as shown in the left-hand drawing



HOW THE BATTLESHIP "GIULIO CESARE" ESCAPED FROM THE GERMANS—an impression of the 25,000-ton battleship steaming down the coast of Albania from Venice to join the other Italian vessels at Malta—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

When the Armistice was signed, the *Giulio Cesare* was at Venice : in order to get away, she steamed at speed more than 740 miles down the Adriatic to Malta. This ship was built in 1911, but was reconstructed in 1933-37 : her main armament consists of ten 12·6-in. guns, and she carried four aircraft and two launching catapults and had a complement of 1,200 officers and men. Her speed is 27 knots. As far as is known, there is now only one battleship not in Allied hands : she is the *Cavour*, which is at present undergoing extensive repairs at Trieste and which is not considered to be seaworthy

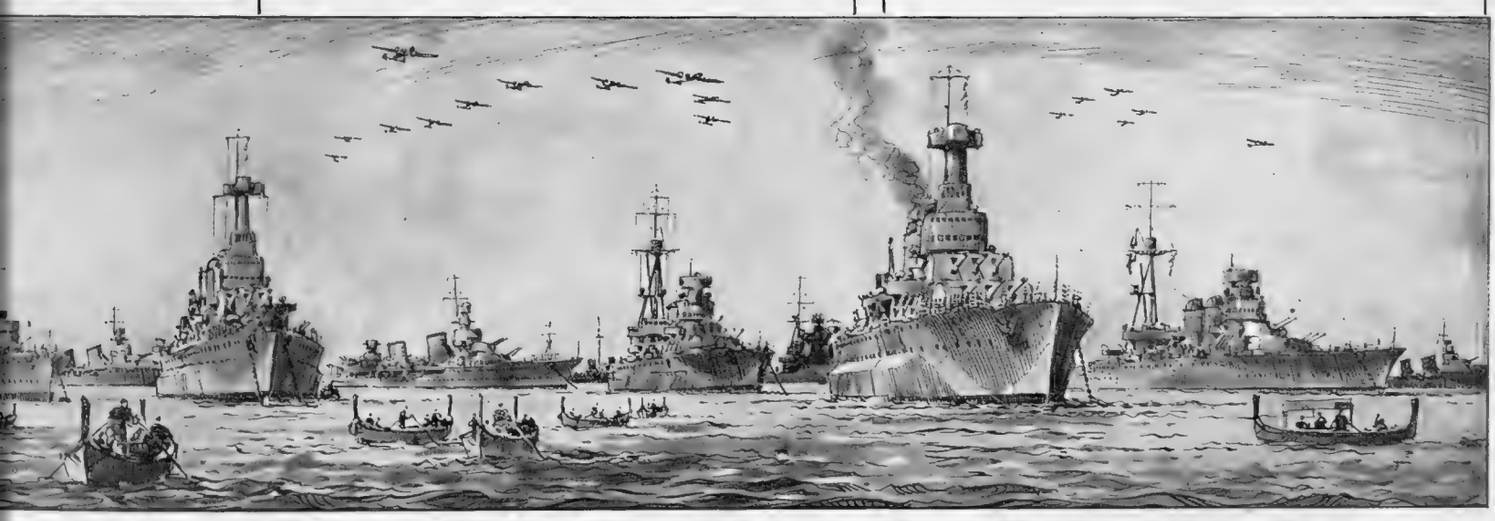
THE SURRENDER OF THE ITALIAN FLEET *(continued)*

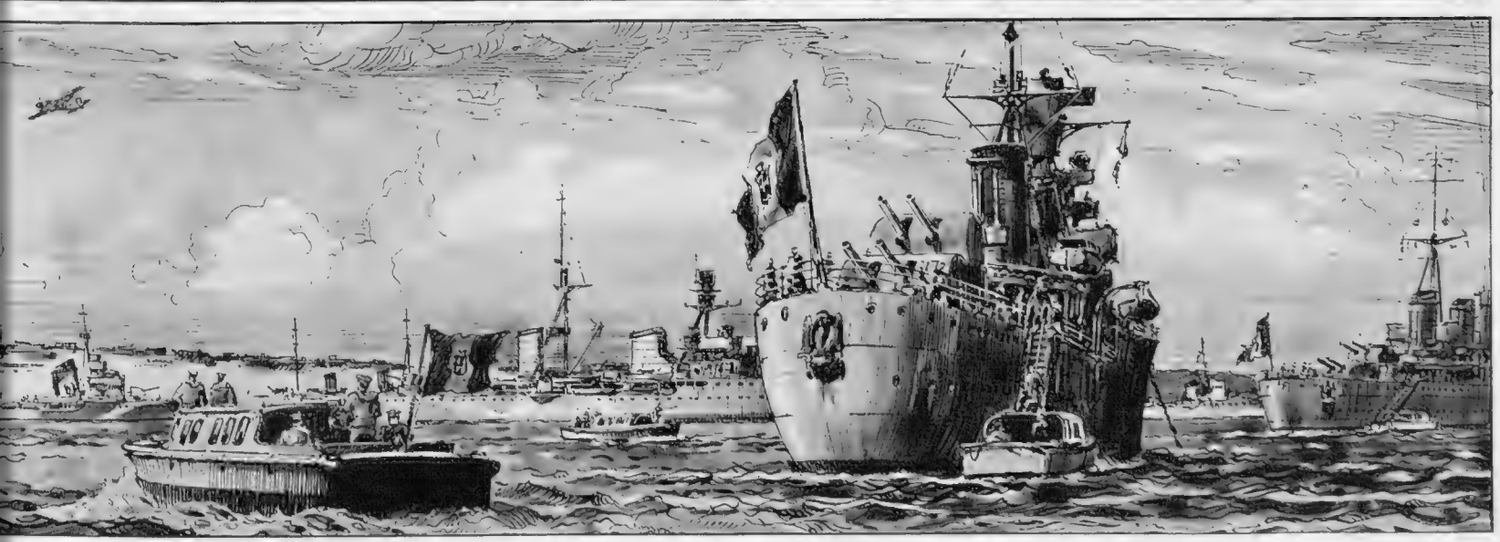
When the Italian Fleet arrived at Malta to surrender under the terms of the Armistice, it did so in two parts. One force came from Spezia, in Northern Italy, the other from Taranto, in the "heel." During the voyage, one capital ship—the *Roma*—was lost as the result of a German dive-bombing attack. The overwhelming bulk of the Italian Fleet came in, only one or two small vessels remaining in German hands, beyond the incomplete *Cavour* undergoing reconstruction at Trieste. Air cover for the surrendering vessels was not possible over the whole passage; but, when nearing Malta, the British battleships *Warspite* and *Valiant* went out to meet the incoming ships. With destroyers, and with aircraft circling overhead, the rest of the journey was uneventful. The vessels comprising the Spezia Fleet are shown in the left of the drawing reproduced here : those from Taranto, including battleships and cruisers, are shown in the bottom right.

Not a single vessel of the Italian Fleet was scuttled, and every one of the ships which came into Malta was spick and span, with crews which were thankful to have escaped from the Nazi clutches. After the formal submission of Admiral Olivia (shown on the preceding page), the two sections of the Italian Fleet were transferred to Alexandria Harbour, where the great bulk of the vessels now are.

Below—**THE ITALIAN FLEET DROPPING ANCHOR OFF MALTA.** To the left is St. Elmo Point, at the entrance to the Grand Harbour, with the well-known Lighthouse and Mole packed with sightseers. The ships in this drawing are : on right—*Vittorio Veneto* (one of the Littorio class), mounting nine 15-in. guns and twelve 6-in. ; behind her are the *Andrea Doria* and *Giulio Cesare*, each of 25,000 tons and mounting ten 12·6-in. guns ; in the centre is another battleship, with the cruisers *Pompeo Magno* and *Duca degli Abruzzi* behind—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

At bottom—**ANOTHER IMPRESSION OF THE SCENE OFF MALTA AFTER THE SURRENDER.** The Italian Fleet after its submission was not subjected to the humiliation of having to haul down its flag, and communication between ship and ship was permitted whilst they were at anchor. To the right is the cruiser *Luigi Cadorna*, and to the left an Italian destroyer is entering the Grand Harbour to refuel by permission of the British naval authorities. In general, the Italian warships are of excellent design—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*





DURING THE ADVANCE FROM TARANTO THROUGH THE HILL-TOWNS OF APULIA: A scene at Massafra, typical of this part of the hilly country, with engineers at work on communications—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

WITH THE EIGHTH ARMY

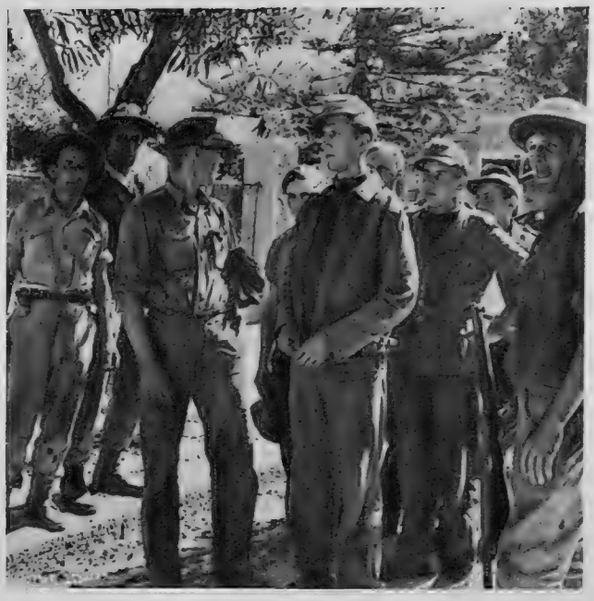
On the Lightning Advance up the "Toe" to Join Up with the Fifth Army at Salerno

Whilst the British and Canadians landed at Reggio were pushing up the "Toe" of Italy, another British force was landed at the great naval base of Taranto: when the race for Salerno was in progress, this second force had to pass through Apulia on its way to the north. The way took them through hilly country studded with walled towns on commanding heights, of which Massafra (shown above) is typical. These towns were, in ancient days, fortresses perched on rock summits: the older parts lie on the upper slopes, with the more modern streets and buildings built in the valleys below. As the troops advanced, it was one of the tasks of the Royal Engineers to keep the telephone and telegraph lines open. As the Taranto force moved forward through the Apulian Province, it passed through one of the most remote and backward parts of the whole Italian Peninsula

THE WORK OF FERRY CONTROL, which had the task of organising the invasion of Italy. When the Allied Armies invaded Italy, the gigantic business of transporting men and vehicles and material was organised by the little-known Ferry Control. This unit consists of a Movements Officer, Ferry Liaison Officer and a Naval Ferry Control. The vehicles to take part in the invasion were assembled in fields to await orders. Information indicating priorities on this or that group was passed to the Liaison Officer. So many vehicles of Unit X had to reach the mainland by dawn on September 3. Ferry Liaison then contacted Naval Ferry Control to arrange for shipping. At the same time, Movements Office called up Unit X and indicated the Beach Assembly Area. The organisation ran with clockwork precision. This picture was taken in the Movements Office: Major D. Stenhouse, Officer in Charge of Movements, is seen with Major C. F. Read: standing on the right are Lieut. R. Kirkbridge and Captain W. Evans reporting the arrival of their vehicles in the Assembly Area to await shipment

HOW THE EIGHTH MOVED UP TOWARDS SALERNO. A Scottish infantry regiment marches northwards headed by its pipers along a leafy Italian road in the "Toe"

HOW BRITISH TROOPS LANDED IN THE ENEMY'S REAR to carry out a surprise attack after the main landings had been effected at Reggio. On September 8 British troops made a daring and successful surprise attack on the enemy's rear, against Porto di San Venero and the near-by town of Pizzo. Over 200 prisoners were taken as a result. During the attack, a landing craft fully laden with transport entered the harbour under heavy fire: after being hit several times and with three vehicles ablaze on the upper deck, the ship was beached and the remaining vehicles were taken safely ashore. This picture shows the scene in the harbour at Porto di San Venero as the landing craft came in under fire: a shell-burst can actually be seen in the water



SOME OF THE 200 GERMAN PRISONERS captured as the result of the British surprise attack at Porto di San Venero

WRECKED ITALIAN PLANES on the Reggio landing field. When captured by the Eighth Army, this aerodrome was found to be in a state of disuse. As our engineers began clearing the weeds off the runway, the Germans carried out ineffectual bombing raids. Soon our aircraft were being flown off the rehabilitated field

HOW THE CANADIANS FOUND BRITISH COMMANDOS IN AN ITALIAN HOSPITAL.

On the second day of the invasion of Italy, an advancing Canadian patrol found two members of a British Commando unit in an Italian hospital, where they were being cared for by nuns. Landing in a raid several days before, the Commandos, after completing their task, took refuge in the hills, where they were discovered by a German patrol and wounded in the short fight that followed. Lacking medical equipment, the nuns bandaged the men's wounds with torn bed-sheets and made them as comfortable as possible pending the arrival of their comrades. Above, the wounded soldiers are telling the story of their adventures to members of the patrol which found them, while the nuns who cared for them stand by and listen. In the bed on the right is Commando Norman Hirst, of Sheffield. His companion is Commando Walter Page, of Medicine Hat, Alberta. Standing between the beds is Captain H. J. Williams, of Montreal, and (on right) Captain J. D. Augherton, of New Brunswick

EVIDENCE OF THE REPEATED ATTACKS BY THE R.A.F. on Italian railways and supplies. This picture was taken at Villa San Giovanni (just north of Reggio), where masses of train wreckage stretch for nearly two miles: hundreds of railway coaches were found to have been destroyed in this area

THE FERRY SERVICE between the mainland and Messina, in Sicily, used to withdraw Axis troops and equipment during the evacuations, received a pounding from the Allied Air Forces and from our gunners on the island. Here is the sunken and burnt-out ferry-boat in its berth at San Giovanni, on the Italian mainland

THE "WIMPEYS" STRUCK AT NIGHT AND CONTRIBUTED TO THE CAPITULATION OF ITALY

The magnificent work of Wellington crews who made repeated night raids on Italy—and thus contributed substantially to her capitulation—prompted General James H. Doolittle recently to send a special message of congratulation to Wellington squadrons of the Strategic Air Force in North Africa. Night after night, Wellingtons took off from their base with bus-schedule regularity to seek targets on the Italian mainland. They attacked communications from the north of Rome to the "Toe" of Italy. The destruction of bridges, temporary bridges and diversion routes required precision bombing of a high standard. Nowhere was the news of Italy's capitulation received with more joy than at the Wellington base shown here. In this picture, the Airfield Controller, Sergeant James Wood, is seen giving the green "All Clear" signal to a Wellington about to take off. When the moon rose early, these bombers took off in the daylight and returned to base in the early morning

The VOLCANIC AREA of SOUTHERN ITALY

The Regions in which Our Men are Now Fighting are the only Volcanic Areas in Europe

THOUGH our troops, by their landings in Calabria and at Salerno, are now geographically on the European mainland, they will see nothing in their immediate surroundings to remind them of the fact. The west coast of Calabria, and of Campania, is almost barren and mountainous. The people, who have more than a trace of Greek blood, are poor, have a long history of revolt and a strong natural liking for being "again the Government." Malaria has always been prevalent, and goat meat, goat milk and goat cheese figure largely in the Calabrian menu.

But overriding everything, and in perfect keeping with humid, sulphurous heat, is the volcanic nature of the region. From Etna, in Sicily, to Vesuvius, above Naples, the whole region is a hotbed of seismic disturbances and has been the scene of the greatest loss of life from these causes in historic times.

Solfatara, or hot springs, are common; there are asphalt deposits, small valleys and caves which are almost untenable because of poisonous gases escaping from fissures in the rock, and every sign of geological instability. Actually, more damage is done by earthquakes than by volcanic eruptions. Messina, for example, was destroyed as recently as 1908 by an earthquake which cost 77,283 lives. Reggio, which was one of the points at which our first landings were made, was even more completely wrecked in the same disturbance. Here, a tidal wave followed the earthquake, and when it subsided only about 5,000 of the town's 40,000 people were left alive.

THE FAMOUS BEAUTY SPOT OF AMALFI, 38 miles to the south-east of Naples, in the volcanic area of western Italy near the Allied bridgeheads at Salerno

Etna, in whose shadow the Catanian fighting took place, has been known to be in more or less constant minor eruption for well over 2,000 years. Actually, its local name is Monte Gibello, and the weathered lava on its lower slopes is by no means unfertile. The actual crater, the upper slopes of which are always snow covered, is nearly 11,000 ft. high. Unlike most of its consorts, it is regarded as a "safe" volcano, and its lower reaches are extensively cultivated and built upon.

The whole of the Lipari Islands (Isole Eolie) had been *verboten* to all except privileged visitors for several years under Mussolini's rule. Of the seven islands which make up the group, one doubts if any could really be regarded as "safe," though, as elsewhere, the fertility of the weathered lava attracts plenty of peasant farmers. Stromboli is an almost perfectly symmetrical conical island, with the 3,000-ft.-high crater a little off centre. Smoke is constantly seen from the crater by day, and at night the peak has a cap of burning gas which can be seen by any vessel passing within fifty miles.

The next largest island, Vulcane, is far less imposing, being less than 2,000 ft. high. At the same time, it is quite an imposing and frequent erupter, though, like its neighbour Stromboli, it emits less lava than gas.

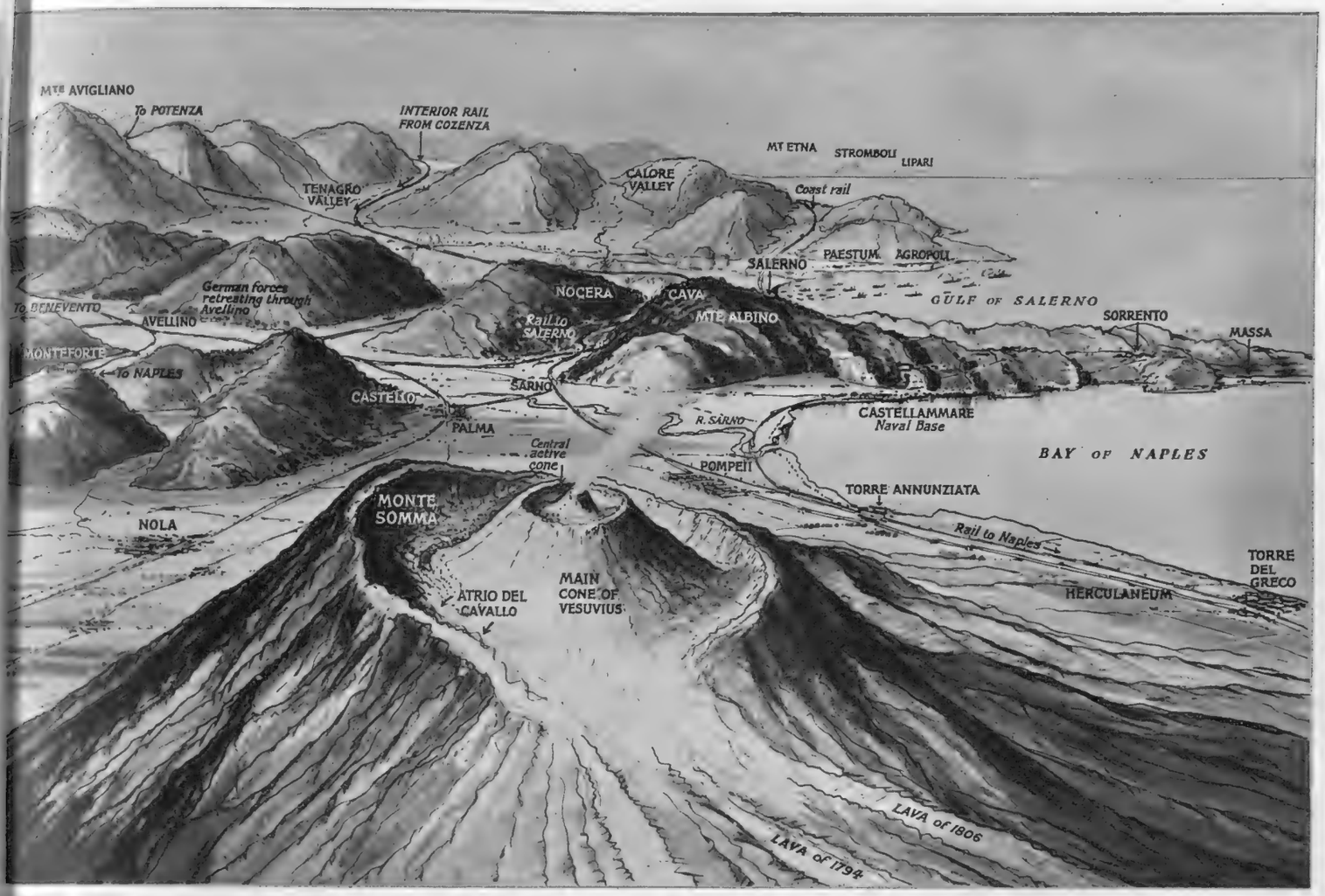
Far to the north, Vesuvius, which overlooks Naples, and which has been proposed as a good target for a big bomb, is actually one of the safest volcanoes known *because* of (not in spite of) its almost perpetual eruptions. Since A.D. 79, when it overwhelmed Pompeii, it has had an almost constant succession of eruptions, none, fortunately, as bad as its first. In any event, the mountain is sufficiently far from Naples to permit even a fair-size eruption to take place in safety. As a matter of fact, the soil formed from the broken-down lava is one of the chief sources of local prosperity. The local vineyards grow the vines from which the famous lacrima cristi is pressed.

Vesuvius is famous for its celebrated double cone, only one (the inner) of which is active. The height of this varies greatly from time to time, building up a core of lava which subsequently collapses for the cycle to begin afresh. For nearly a century now an Observatory has been established on the western slope, from which a constant record of the volcanic activity

A GLIMPSE AT THE INFERNAL REGIONS: The volcano of Stromboli becomes active on its lonely island set midway between Sicily and the west coast of Italy. Stromboli is amongst the most active of all the many Italian volcanoes in this area

A VOLCANO THAT "SLEPT" FOR 100 YEARS—AND THEN WOKE UP! After lying quiescent for many, many years the volcano at Pozzuoli suddenly woke up a few years ago and a terrific explosion tore up a large hole near the "Fangaia": this is a big, natural basin where mud boils continuously at a very high temperature. Incandescent stones were projected all over the place and columns of smoke poured out of the new holes. When the above picture was taken, workmen were probing a volcanic hole under the direction of experts

A TYPICAL LANDSCAPE IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD OF VESUVIUS. The country is here paved with lava thrown out by the volcano in the background



VESUVIUS, CHIEF OF EUROPEAN VOLCANOES, LOOKS DOWN ON THE SALERNO BATTLEFIELD. This view shows the scene from a point above the volcano looking towards the south, with the old outer rim of Mount Somma and the active cone within it—*Drawing by Percy Home*

In the immediate foreground of this drawing is the great bulk of Vesuvius, rising as a twin mass to a height of about 4,000 ft., ten miles to the south-east of Naples on the shores of the Bay. The active crater reposes within the great shattered surrounding wall of Mount Somma. This outer crater wall is broken away on its northern side, the one facing towards Naples. Two of the great lava-flows are indicated in the drawing with their dates. The slope of the volcano is much more gradual in the direction of the sea : where it overlooks Nola on the plain below it is very steep and awe-inspiring. Herculaneum and Pompeii lie to the west. The hill-town of Monteforte, built on the side of the hill of the same name, lies to the east. Palma is prettily situated not far from the river and town of Sarno, the former reaching the Bay between Torre Annunziata and Castellammare. Both Palma and Monteforte are dominated by the remains of old hill fortresses. Avellino is a large town with road connections with Salerno, Benevento, etc. From Sarno, road and rail penetrate the wooded hills overlooking Salerno and the Fifth Army's initial bridgehead

is kept. A funicular has also been built to within a few hundred feet of the summit.

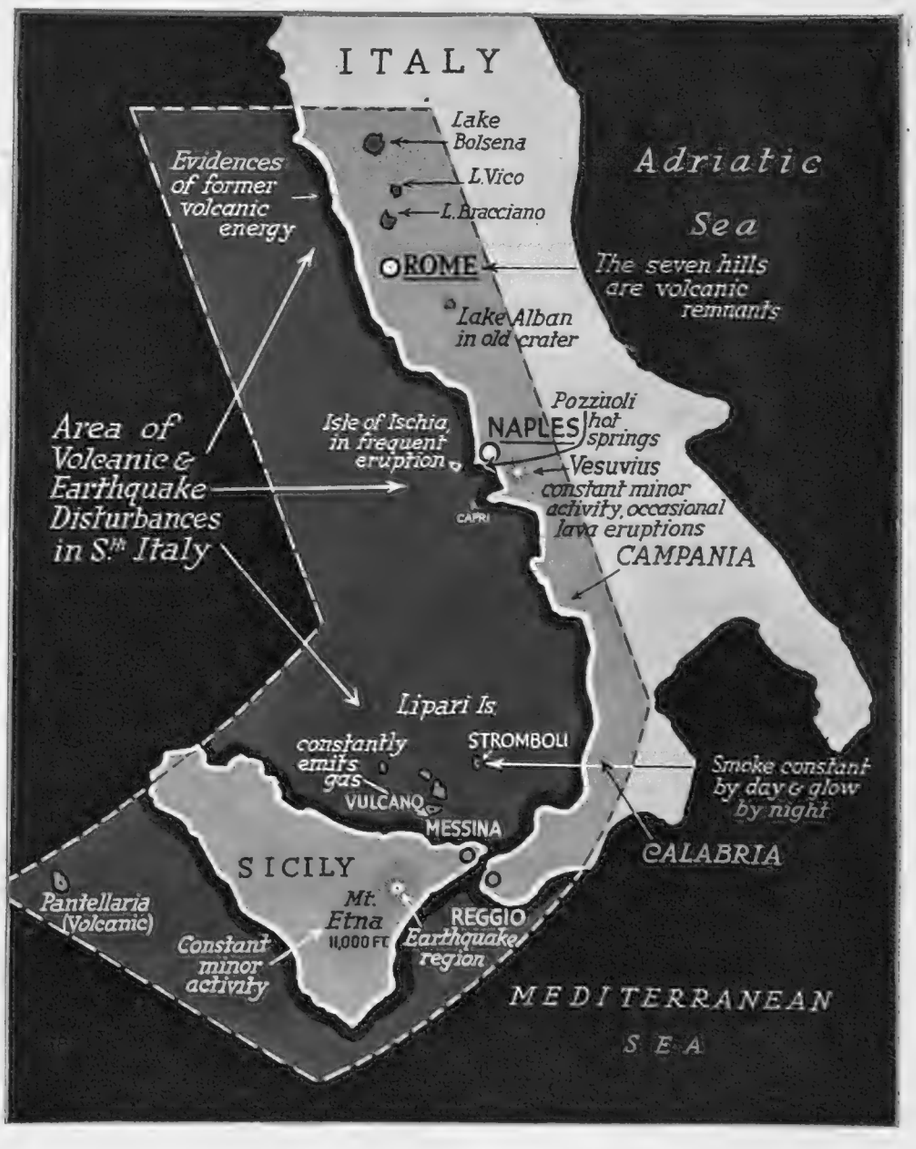
Although distinct volcanic remains are plentiful all over Europe, including Scotland and Wales, Italy has the distinction of housing the only active ones in Europe. The prominent features which first strike the amateur volcanologist are the association of all volcanoes with earthquake regions, next their frequent nearness to the sea (many, in fact, are islets), and, lastly, their distribution in long chains running more or less from the North Pole to the South Pole, with the Southern Hemisphere claiming the lion's share of the still active ones.

As one proceeds south in Europe in search of volcanic activity, say, roughly parallel with the Rhine, one sees plenty of evidence of extinct volcanoes, as in the Eifel, for example. But it is not until one reaches the Carpathians, with their plentiful hot-springs, that one literally "gets warmer." In the north of Italy the volcanoes are dead, but some of them not long dead. The Seven Hills of Rome, themselves, are volcanic remnants, as are the Alban Hills, but with the Phlegræan Fields, looking like nothing so much as a piece of the moon's landscape transported to earth, one reaches the real thing. These, volcanically speaking, are very recent casualties. Monte Epumeo, on the neighbouring island of Ischia, has actually had an eruption within historic times.

With Vesuvius a few miles to the south, the fully active zone is reached, linked, by way of the Lipari Islands, with Mount Etna, in Sicily, and indicating a line of weakness in the earth's crust running roughly east by south. Off the North African coast the line peters out, and for further active volcanoes in the south one has to turn either to the East Indies or to the Andes.

Of all volcanoes, however, the Italian ones have probably the doubtful distinction of having caused the greatest loss of life, due to their situation in areas which for so many centuries have been so thickly populated. Etna alone has a record of death and destruction stretching back nearly 3,000 years. We may be thankful that in Britain the warm springs of Bath remain our last and docile connection with the underworld.

Walter Butler



On right—**THE VOLCANIC REGION OF SOUTHERN ITALY, which covers the area where the Fifth and the Eighth Armies have been engaged, and where they are still fighting.** The volcanic belt extends all down the west coast of the country from a point north of Rome, and then swings south-west to take in most of the "Toe" and the whole of Sicily. Within this region are the only live volcanoes left in Europe to-day. The map summarises some of the volcanic history of this curious region

ON THE DRY, ROCKY ROADS OF ITALY a column of tanks would reveal its presence to the enemy more quickly through the inevitable dust than would a troop of horse in the old days—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

DUST and the TANK—A Problem of Warfare under Modern Mechanised Conditions

HOW THE "BAZOOKA" IS HELD IN POSITION BY A KNEELING SOLDIER

FIRST PICTURES OF THE NEW "BAZOOKA," the American Rocket-Gun

THE ANTI-TANK ROCKET-SHELL FIRED BY THE GUN

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT (in front seat of car) watches a demonstration of the anti-tank gun in April of this year. The "Bazooka" is here being fired at a tank 75 yards away

These three pictures are amongst the first to be released of the new U.S. Army rocket-gun, popularly known as the "Bazooka," but officially listed as "Launcher, Rocket, A-T, M-1." This weapon has proved very effective against tanks: it can be carried by foot-soldiers and thus employed in places inaccessible to large anti-tank guns. The shell fired by the "Bazooka" is of considerable overall length, as the centre picture shows. First tried out in Tunisia, this new anti-tank weapon has also been proved in Sicily and Italy. The Russians possess a similar weapon

CHURNING ALONG A DUSTY ITALIAN ROAD: A Sherman tank throwing up a dense cloud of dust in its wake as it hurries up to the battle-line

Dust is the greatest single nuisance to which tank commanders are subjected. Those who thought that it was a peculiarity of the North African campaigns have already found in Sicily and Calabria that it belongs to Europe too. The trouble is that the ideal weather conditions for tank fighting—drought and warmth—are also those that produce dust. When it rains for long the heavy vehicles are liable to become bogged. But as soon as the hoped-for dry conditions are experienced there is the inevitable cloud of finely-powdered earth behind each monster.

It may be argued that Europe has good roads and these should not swiftly disintegrate. But the reason for using tanks is to have armoured vehicles that can leave the roads. Since the war most fields on the margins of highways have been cultivated for food. A fine day—and dust from tanks plunging across the loose soil is inevitable.

The tanks of the Eighth Army first had to endure the mixture of sand and weather-pulverised rubble which was the dust of Libya. Falling back to El Alamein, they suffered that peculiarly fine and noxious dust which arises from the alluvial Nile Valley, and is notoriously impregnated with the germs of certain diseases. During the advance to Tunisia they experienced more sand, then powdered earth in the Tripolitanian fertile strip, and towards the end were frequently reddened by the flying detritus of the Tunisian sandstone. Across to Sicily, and it was a white cloud that followed them, till the worst dust of all was met on the Catanian Plain—that volcanic grey issue of Etna which continually surrounded the vehicles like heavy derris from a gardener's spray.

It will immediately be apparent to the layman that the dust raised by tanks must constitute a major tactical problem. It does; and the only way to solve it in some instances is to lay down artificial smoke-screens, intensifying the clouds, but at least obscuring the immediate passage of the vehicles. Otherwise enemy observers can tell from miles away that the tanks have started and are moving in such-and-such a direction.

Anyone who has observed the effects of sand on cars driven much at the seaside can imagine the effect upon the complicated mechanism in tanks of the dust nuisance. It is impossible to seal all nooks and crannies, and the tankman must spend a large part of his spare time in dismantling apparatus, cleaning it and putting it together again. Probably it would be found that more tanks have been disabled on the field of battle by minute grains of dust than by heavy explosive shells.

Soon those long-suffering Shermans will be struggling with that most abrasive of dusts, the limestone detritus, formed from the discarded shells of millions of primeval protozoa, which covers the West Italian shore: not to mention volcanic dust again, from Vesuvius. Perhaps autumnal rains will lay the menace usefully—before turning it into another kind of obstacle.

It was said of the knightly charges at Crecy that our bowmen could scarcely see the flower of chivalry for dust. Cavalry remained notorious for its streaming accompaniment; and to-day the modern, armoured equivalent raises the greatest dust of all!

D. C.

THE NEW FAST CARGO-SHIPS

And Other Items of War News from Different Sources

LIEUT. RICHARD B. LAKIN, "SAFARI'S" COMMANDER, is welcomed home by Commander Ben Bryant (on left): H.M. Submarine *Safari* has just returned to this country from her fourteenth war patrol—ten of them under Commander Bryant, and four under Lieut. Lakin. She has sunk at least forty vessels of various sizes, totalling more than 50,000 tons of Axis supply shipping. Since being taken over by Lieut. Lakin, H.M.S. *Safari*, while operating in the Mediterranean, submerged at sunset into the Sicilian port of Porto Torres, going into ten fathoms of water and, firing through the breakwater entrance, torpedoed and sank a 3,000-ton supply ship alongside the quay. At the same time, she also sank two other small supply ships. She is a vessel of the Seal class, of modern design and recent launching. Her officers and crew received a great welcome as she moved up to the depot ship, and Commander Ben Bryant, D.S.O. and double Bars, D.S.C., himself greeted her. *Safari* carries a complement of forty; she is reputed to be a very handy craft, and her cost to build was just under £250,000

THE HOMECOMING OF THE SUBMARINE "SAFARI" AFTER A SUCCESSFUL CRUISE. The crew of the depot ship have lined deck and are cheering as she comes up to her berth

BRITAIN BUILDS A FAST NEW 12,000-TON CARGO-SHIP, designed for the purpose of transporting the special kinds of cargo which war needs have brought about: From the beginning of the war, questions of supply have determined the extent to which fast cargo-vessels could be built; but in the course of the efforts which have produced throughout the whole period a steadily increasing quantity of such vessels, there has been introduced a 12,000-ton dead-weight fast cargo-ship, of which the earliest examples are now going into service. Special features embodied in the design are the very large clear decks, making provision for the carriage of heavy, bulky items; many large hatchways, including one of abnormally large size; extensive cargo gear, including three large derricks to facilitate handling; the compression of the machinery department into a comparatively small proportion of the ship's length; and provision for twenty-four passengers, with suitable public rooms. The engines are Diesels, two types of which are being employed for the new ships

IN THE WHEELHOUSE OF THE NEW VESSEL there is every up-to-date contrivance for safety at sea—in times of peace as in times of war

YOUTH IN THE MUNITIONS FACTORIES: Two young workers making guns for our fighter planes. These two pictures were taken at a Midland factory managed by the B.S.A. Company, where the 20-mm. Hispano cannon-guns for the Ministry of Aircraft Production are produced: these form the main equipment of Spitfires, Whirlwinds, Mosquitoes, Typhoons, etc. Repair work to damaged guns is also carried out in the factory. On the left is Jean Pointer, a nineteen-year-old former pottery worker, at a Pratt and Whitney twin-spindle rifling machine: on the right is fourteen-year-old Ernest Hemmings, polishing the small parts of a 20-mm. gun; his Keeling and Walker respirator guards him against harmful dust

THE MAN WHO IS PLANNING OUR PEACETIME PLANES: Mr. L. G. Frise, chief designer of the famous Bristol Aeroplane Company. The firm which built the Blenheim, the Beaufort and the Beaufighter is now preparing to build the world's biggest air-liner. Mr. Leslie G. Frise, chief aircraft engineer of the Bristol Aeroplane Company, who had a hand in the design of the first of those famous warplanes and was entirely responsible for the other two, is now completing the detail plans for this new "Queen Mary" of the air. The new machine is not just a "blown-up" version of the usual aeroplane shape. It is revolutionary in many ways—in structure, motive power and even shape. It is on the secret list, but the following details may be given. Its weight, without passengers or freight, is 130 tons. Powered by special motors totalling 20,000 horse-power, it will give a cruising speed of about 250 miles per hour, will carry 150 day passengers across the Atlantic in about 15 hours for a fare which is expected to be about £50 per head. In the picture above, Mr. Frise is seen running an expert eye over the blue prints of the Beaufighter No. 1. At the top of his desk is a sketch of the air-liner of the future

The COMING of COMMERCIAL BROADCASTING ?

The B.B.C. in the After-war Period, and the Possibilities of Advertising by Radio

By CHARLES GRAVES

WHAT is the future of the B.B.C. ? Nobody seems to know the answer to one of the paramount questions which will be raised as soon as peace is declared in Europe. As a matter of fact, attempts are already being made to answer it. Suggestions are being raised and plans are being formulated. The appointment of the forty-two-year-old managing editor of the *Manchester Evening News* and the *Manchester Guardian* to the post of Editor-in-Chief of the B.B.C. has come as a complete surprise to Fleet Street. It is safe to say that the Newspaper Proprietors' Association is now busily trying to work out the exact significance of this new move on the part of the B.B.C. following the resignation of Sir Cecil Graves as Joint Director-General. The post is a brand-new one, and suggests that the B.B.C. has every intention of maintaining in peacetime the tremendous advantage it has acquired during wartime of purveying hot news.

It may be coincidence, it may be sheer bad luck for the newspapers, but time and again big news has been allowed to "break" at times awkward for Fleet Street. The announcement of Italy's capitulation just managed to reach the very last edition of the London evening newspapers, although it was officially known in London at luncheon. If, however, it had been announced two hours earlier, it would have made all the difference to the London and provincial evening newspapers. Other important pieces of news have been released after the main editions of the morning newspapers have been printed and sent off; with the result that the B.B.C.'s 7 a.m. and 8 a.m. news bulletins have, to all intents and purposes, scooped the pool. Fleet Street naturally feels hot under the collar, but there is little that it can do about it. Not to change the metaphor, its granting of permission to the B.B.C. to use its own news-agency reports is helping to strangle the whole newspaper industry.

As at present constituted, the B.B.C. has no real news-gathering organisation at all. The failure of Howard Marshall and other B.B.C. war correspondents in North Africa in this respect showed the necessity for the B.B.C. to be fed by British news-agencies and the N.B.C. and Columbia war correspondents broadcasting primarily to the United States.

It is true that the Government has made an important concession to the principle that a first-class news service is vital to the welfare of the troops at home and overseas and, as a sop, has permitted a slight increase in newsprint consumption; but it is only a sop and is not likely to succeed in persuading the Newspaper Proprietors' Association to swallow its pride.

Technically, the B.B.C.'s Charter is not due to expire for some time. But it seems highly probable that as soon as there is peace in Europe, the B.B.C. itself will ask for a new Charter to clarify its finance and service obligations. At the present minute its staff has swollen to a gigantic size, and its overhead commitments are out of proportion to its revenue in the form of ten-shilling payments by the public for permission to own radio sets. The B.B.C lives on its income and wartime donations from the Treasury. With the exception of the *Radio Times*, which probably has a cash value of £3,000,000, it possesses no real capital. If the valuable contribution rendered by the B.B.C. in knitting the Dominions and Colonies together with its Empire Service is to continue after the war, one of three things must occur: (*a*) the ten-shilling wireless licence will have to be increased; (*b*) the Empire Service will have to be as drastically cut down as was the Royal Navy when the Labour Party was in power; or (*c*) there will have to be commercial radio.

This last possibility is what concerns Fleet Street so much. Years ago, the *Daily Mail* sent out one of its advertising experts to the United States to discover the effect of commercial radio on newspaper finances. Which shows that Fleet Street has been aware for a long time of the danger to its own revenue and prestige that this possibility incurs. Until 1939, the N.P.A. was sufficiently powerful to prevent any possibility of a challenge upon commercial radio originating from this country. Is it strong enough to prevent it after the war? As one who both broadcasts and writes for a living, I am personally most interested in the dilemma confronting the Newspaper Proprietors' Association. It is perfectly evident that the Chancellor of the Exchequer would welcome, from a purely financial point of view, any simple method of raising money to help pay for the war. And what could be simpler than charging so many pounds per quarter of an hour for sponsored programmes? By the same token, the newspaper proprietors of the penny national dailies have discovered that with advertising at its present rates, a six-page paper is a remarkably lucrative proposition, and it might even suit them to restrict their issues to that number of pages.

But look at it from the point of view of the great manufacturers. Look at the brewers, who have patriotically given all their space free to the Government *via* the Ministry of Information. Look at the cigarette manufacturers. Look at the petrol companies, who have pooled their petrol during the war. Look at all the big firms who are busy on war products which the censorship prevents them from mentioning to the public. All these powerful organisations will naturally want to restore their names which have cost so much to build up. If there is going to be such a priority for foodstuffs for starving Europe that the newspapers are unable to satisfy the demands for advertising space, it is reasonable to suppose that the manufacturers will have a good case to present to the Government—that for a few hundred watts of electrical power manufactured locally, they would be able to achieve their object of popularising themselves once again with the public.

Another point arises here. Because famous companies like I.C.I. and B.S.A. have been bending all their efforts to winning the war, they have naturally lost the vast bulk of their markets overseas, and by the ordinary methods of sending commercial travellers and using advertisements in the local newspapers, it would take a long time to regain lost ground. It looks to me as though the thin edge of the wedge of commercial radio will begin when permission is given by the Government (with the full enthusiasm and encouragement of the Board of Trade) to export firms to arrange sponsored programmes for the markets of the British Empire overseas.

Once the principle of sponsored—in fact, commercial—radio is accepted, there is little doubt that the whole principle will sooner or later be accepted in this country. The newspaper proprietors must therefore be wondering whether it is advisable to fight what they suspect may be an overwhelming public demand for commercial radio, or whether to accept the inevitable and be smart enough to start their own broadcasting stations as soon as this is legalised, and reap the benefit. If they do this, it will be necessary for them either to groom their feature writers as broadcasters or to teach well-known broadcasters popular with the listening public how to write. Probably they will find the latter course the more simple.

It will be noticed that, so far, I have skirted the possibility that the B.B.C. will itself undertake sponsored radio in this country (as opposed to overseas) with the supposition that the chances are that sponsored radio in this country will be a matter of personal enterprise.

There is no doubt that the public's appreciation of radio and its service is increasing rapidly. The habit of listening to the breakfast-time bulletins, not to mention those at 6 p.m. and 9 p.m., is growing steadily. Newspaper proprietors who point out that the sale of newspapers increased rather than diminished after the last war forget that there was no B.B.C. in 1918. One of the leading organs of Fleet Street opinion has recently sounded the warning. It suggests that the appointment of Mr. Haley shows very definitely that the B.B.C. Governors accept news and its distribution as a permanent field of operation, and that the Press must accept and adapt itself to this situation. After stating that there is no real insuperable problem about reconciling the interests of the public, the Press, and the radio, it goes on to say that on the advertising side there are much greater obstacles to amity if sponsored radio is likely to develop either in Britain or for Britain after the war. "Before the war," it is pointed out, "there were high-power commercial stations on the Continent and in Ireland to whose programmes British audiences could listen. Will those conditions return? That will depend primarily on the terms of peace and the extent to which the Allied Nations limit the use of Continental or neutral air. It is too early for forecasts in that direction, but technical advance brings a new possibility—the feasibility of short-wave stations in the Americas servicing British audiences. . . . Does the British public want sponsored radio? How would it react to it?"

Ultimately the public, through Parliament, will decide what is to happen. It is possible that (*a*) the B.B.C will be allowed to carry sponsored advertising overseas and not in this country; (*b*) it is possible that the B.B.C. will be allowed to carry sponsored advertising both overseas *and* in this country; (*c*) it is possible that no sponsored advertising will be allowed in this country; (*d*) it is possible that sponsored advertising will be allowed, as before, from neighbouring countries; (*e*) it is possible that sponsored advertising will be allowed in this country apart from the B.B.C.

All these possibilities affect the future of the B.B.C. For twenty years the B.B.C. has had a monopoly of disseminating news over the air from this country. The Labour Party claims that this monopoly has been utilised in favour of the Conservatives. Whether this is true or not, it is only natural to suppose that the next Labour Government will give what it considers a really fair share of its special political views over the air. For that reason alone, the Conservatives and Liberals may favour commercial radio on other wave-lengths than those possessed by the B.B.C.

A GREAT STAR OF RADIO AND FILMS ENTERTAINS THE TROOPS IN MALTA: The famous English comedian, George Formby, who has been on a tour of the hospitals and camps in the Middle East, was the first artist to set foot in Italy after the landings at Reggio. Throughout his tour he has been accompanied by his wife, Beryl, and their shows have been very popular with the troops. In addition to stage performances, they have also visited hospitals and a convalescent home, to give impromptu concerts to Service personnel. This picture was taken at Malta: it shows George and Beryl Formby amidst a crowd of soldiers at the Combined Services Convalescent Home on the Island

THE LAST OF A FAMOUS TRIO AT MALTA: Here George and Beryl Formby are seen in front of the aircraft *Faith*, which has just been presented to Sir George Borg, Chief Justice (representing the people of the Island), by Air Vice-Marshal Sir Keith Park. This plane was the last of the heroic trio of Gladiators which defended Malta in the opening days of the Axis air onslaught

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

NEWS-PICTURES

from the Home Front in England

The famous avenue of elm-trees in the Long Walk at Windsor was planted by Charles II: it was one of the most famous in the world. Unfortunately, the trees have contracted an incurable disease, and the King has ordered that hundreds of them must be felled. Two-and-a-half miles of them are now being removed. In their place chestnuts are being planted, but it will be many years before these reach maturity or provide the fine spectacle of the elm avenue they have supplanted

FELLING THE ELMS IN THE LONG WALK AT WINDSOR: A close-up showing the disease in one of the felled trees

THE TREES WERE PLANTED BY CHARLES II: They are now being felled owing to disease which cannot be checked

A VIEW OF THE LONG WALK IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK, showing some of the new chestnut-trees now being planted to replace the avenue of diseased elms. For years to come the Long Walk will have a bare look while the new trees are coming to maturity

BELGIAN FISHER FOLK CARRY ON IN ENGLAND: A Flemish girl making new nets for the fishermen: she is an expert at this intricate job

A GROUP OF GIRLS MAKING NEW NETS. Most of them are Flemish speaking, but after three years' refuge on the west coast of Britain, many of them speak English almost as well as their native tongue

When the Nazis invaded Belgium, many of the fisher folk left in their fishing-boats and trawlers for Britain. For the past three years they have been fishing around the English coast just as they would be doing in Belgium were it not for the invaders. In one of the most picturesque fishing towns of the West Country, hundreds have settled down. Flemish dialects are heard in the narrow streets of the "Little Belgium," which has acquired much of the atmosphere of Ostend, La Panne and Zeebrugge. Entire families take part in the industry. While the men brave enemy mines and air attacks, the women folk on shore repair the nets and make new ones

AS THE HARBOUR TIDE EBBS, Belgian fishermen scrub the bottoms of their boats to remove the weeds and barnacles which would otherwise rot the timbers and reduce the speed of this fast little fleet

THE PERCH OF EROS, in Piccadilly Circus, is dismantled for repairs: Eros, was removed to a place of safety in the first few months of the war, but his perch, surrounded by a barricade of steel and sand, remained. For the first time since this barricade was erected in 1940, workmen are now pulling down the walls of timber to make sure that all is well. The sandbags are to be renewed and made tidy, and then the boards will go up again. Many Londoners who hoped to see Eros again were disappointed!

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

INTIMATE STUDIES OF PEOPLE AND PLACES

The Life of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle; English Travel Through the Ages; European Causerie, and a History of Portugal; Short Stories, a Thriller and a Romance

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE once said of himself that he was the man in the street, and however much the reader of *Sherlock Holmes* and the *Brigadier Gerard* stories might disagree that there was anything commonplace about their author, it is as an average man that Mr. Hesketh Pearson has attempted to represent him in a new biography.

CONAN DOYLE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) is written with fitting gusto and is the story of a full and happy life. He was Irish by descent, born in England in 1859. Since his parents were far from affluent, he had difficulty in achieving his early training as a doctor, and even after qualification, was badly paid for his work as assistant to other

THE W.A.A.F. BRIDE-TO-BE OF AIR CHIEF MARSHAL SIR ARTHUR TEDDER: Mrs. Marie Black is the younger daughter of the late Sir Bruce Seton, Bart. She is soon to marry the Air C.-in-C. in the Mediterranean. Mrs. Black is thirty-five: throughout the blitz she served as a London ambulance driver; a year ago she flew to North Africa, where she is now serving with the W.A.A.F. Sir Arthur Tedder's first wife was killed in an air crash last January on returning from a visit to the R.A.F. hospital at Benghazi. Mrs. Black was formerly married to Capt. I. R. H. Black, R.N., but the marriage was recently dissolved

medical men. Several times he acted as ship's doctor, and was later to find these voyages rewarding in another way.

At one period in his life he attempted to specialise in eye treatment, but this was less successful than his activities in the world of sport, and on coming to London he gave up the medical profession, determined to earn his living by writing. Conan Doyle was a big man, physically fit and popular with everyone he met. He was a boxer, an athlete and a sportsman in every sense of the word.

His Sherlock Holmes serials, first published in a magazine, were an immediate success, and after the publication of the first he was able to feel justified in his new profession, though during the Boer War he again practised medicine, partly as a doctor and partly as a correspondent in South Africa. Later he settled down to a happy and busy family life, and it was not until his last years that he took up spiritualism.

More interesting to the sceptical than this departure, however, was the fact that it was Conan Doyle who, in 1895, introduced ski-ing to Switzerland.

This is not the best of Mr. Pearson's now imposing list of biographies, but it is sincere, informative and friendly.

There is a seventeenth-century rhyme which proclaims:

Let him that purposeth to travell, first
Begin where he was born, bred up and nurst,
That 's his own country.

Inspired by this commendable spirit, Mr. Thomas Burke has written an enchanting volume, TRAVEL IN ENGLAND (Batsford. 10s. 6d.), which traces the improvements in transport from the days of the pilgrims and pack-horses to the days of light cars and aeroplanes. It is illustrated with reproductions from old prints, drawings and paintings, from medieval manuscripts and from old and new photographs. The result is a beautifully-produced book and a remarkably entertaining one. Mr. Burke quotes inexhaustibly from contemporary writers, some of them little known.

There are many amusing anecdotes and descriptions in detail of prehistoric tracks, Roman roads and the horse-tracks of the pilgrims and the litter-passengers. Mr. Burke writes of the railway boom which threw many coachmen out of work, and which was the subject of a Cruikshank engraving; of early-Victorian attempts at flying; of the changing shapes of bicycles, caricatured again, and finally of King George in the first Rolls-Royce.

His writing has charm and liveliness, and the material he has collected indicates indefatigable research.

In a note which is as lucid and concise as the work of a good correspondent should be, Mr. Denis Weaver points out the significance of his new book's title.

"It is the newspaperman's duty to inform the public fully and quickly of events as they occur. I was one of a large number of those men who took trouble, and sometimes ran serious risks, to tell the public the facts as they became known to observers on the spot. The front page of the daily Press was, and will, I hope, remain the raw material of democratic thought upon world issues. It is history as it

THE DAUGHTER OF A WELL-KNOWN FILM STAR MARRIES: Marie Elizabeth Siebert is the daughter of Marlene Dietrich: she has just been married to Dean Goodman, an actor-playwright, who was formerly a student at Wisconsin University

happens. Sometimes it is inaccurate, but not more inaccurate in the long run than that which comes from diplomatic sources, as I hope this book has demonstrated.

"Over and over again the facts of what the Nazis were preparing were reported by competent newspaper correspondents in Berlin. The truth about Spain was published for the reader to take into account and act or not act upon, as he thought fit. If this present war is being fought on our side for democracy and liberty of thought, then, in my contention, an independent daily Press must always be maintained. Through the front page one can talk direct to Mr. Smith and Mr. Brown and let him be the judge. That is why this story of seven momentary years has been called FRONT PAGE EUROPE (Cresset Press. 9s. 6d.)

Mr. Weaver's own experience includes years as a special correspondent in the Rhineland, Germany, France, Spain, Poland, Denmark and Sweden, and he claims for his book that it is a rough digest of events during a vital period of world history.

Under the disarming title of FAMILIAR FACES (Cassell. 8s. 6d.), Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart has collected eleven of her most recent short stories and, incidentally, proved once more that the art of story-telling is one that she was born to just as naturally as some are born with good hands for a horse, or a good head for heights or a good palate for wine. Also, Mrs. Rinehart has developed her gift to a point where her narration flows as smoothly as the kind of cream one sometimes dreams of, even now.

If her style is consistent in its suavity, her subject matter is very varied. Mrs. Rinehart writes of old revolutionary heroes, of young schoolboys, of neurotic wives, of old philanthropists and middle-aged philanderers and even of murder. In an American setting which the writer presents with a confidence that expects the same response from her English as from her American readers, the stories all have the same wide framework.

It is possible that none of them is as hair-raising as *The Circular Staircase*; it is certain that none of them is as hilarious as the *Tishy* stories; nevertheless, it is a delightful little selection and quite amazingly readable.

The best thriller of the week is Miss Gladys Mitchell's SUNSET OVER SOHO (Michael Joseph. 8s. 6d.) in spite of the fact that the title is misleading, since only a small part of the action takes place in that district. However, it deals with the activities of that redoubtable female sleuth, Mrs. Bradley, which is always the promise of a well-constructed story with liberal lashings of horror.

During the blitz Mrs. Bradley finds time and abundant material for study in running a rest centre in London, and in that building a box containing a man's body is found; a man who proves to have been poisoned. The incident—one gets used to using that mild word in connection with matters of life and death—links up with the experiences of a young novelist who has a boat on the Thames. From then on the complications are infinite, though scarcely tedious, and there is never a quiet moment.

I can recommend this tale as adequately furnished with thrills and chills, and as a suitable eerie companion for an autumn evening or two.

MY HEART FOR HOSTAGE (Chapman and Hall. 7s. 6d.) is a between-the-wars romance of an American in Paris. Mr. Robert Hillyer, who is himself an American and a poet, writes sensitively, and has a feeling for the romantic, but seems to lack the continuity and force of the true story-teller. His characters, even at their most articulate, seem lifeless, and even in their unhappiness convey no sense of destiny or purpose to the reader.

The couple kept together and yet apart by jealousy is a familiar device, at least in fiction, but here it narrowly escapes bathos. However, for those

THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK AS A BOATYARD LABOURER: The wife of the Earl Marshal of England is twenty-seven years of age and the mother of three young children. A few days ago she began work as a labourer in a boatbuilding yard, her first day beginning at 1.30 p.m. and finishing at 5. If she proves a success at her part-time job, she will then become a full-time worker. The Duke is Under-Secretary of the Ministry of Agriculture

more sympathetic with the exigencies of great fictional passion, this book will have its appeal, and incontestably the author has drawn a charming and nostalgic picture of the Paris of the '20's.

If ten schoolboys or schoolgirls were asked which country in the world was our oldest ally it is unlikely, or should I say an optimistic expectation, that more than one would answer Portugal. I even have the temerity to suggest that the same ignorance extends beyond school-leaving age—a fact which would make Mr. Harry J. Greenwall's little book as invaluable as it is timely.

OUR OLDEST ALLY (Allen. 7s. 6d.) has only the space in its hundred-odd pages for a very slight review of Portugal's history from medieval times down to our day, when Portugal means to some of us an essential strip of neutral territory and to others refuge from Nazi oppression.

The author himself succeeded in making his escape to that country after three years in Occupied France, and it was in Lisbon during a long convalescence that he turned to a study of the land which was giving him not only a safe harbour but friendship.

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It is only when receiving letters such as the following that one realises the amount of love in the world. "Enclosed is cheque for £6, being War Damage Claim on my house, result of bombing. No better use can be made of this sum than handing it to your Fund." Help is constantly needed. Address: 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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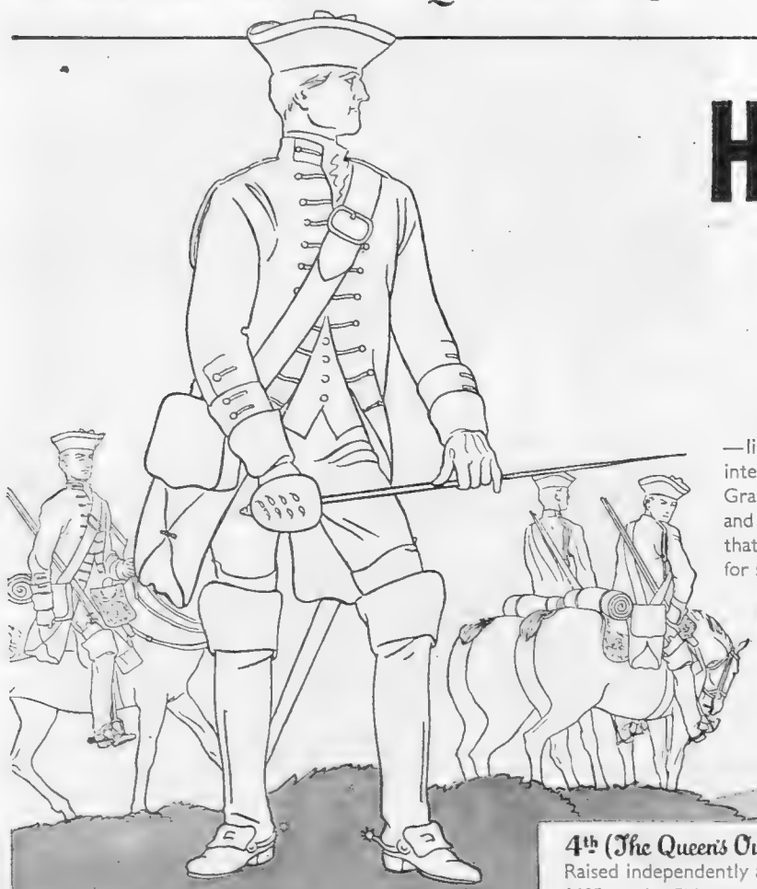

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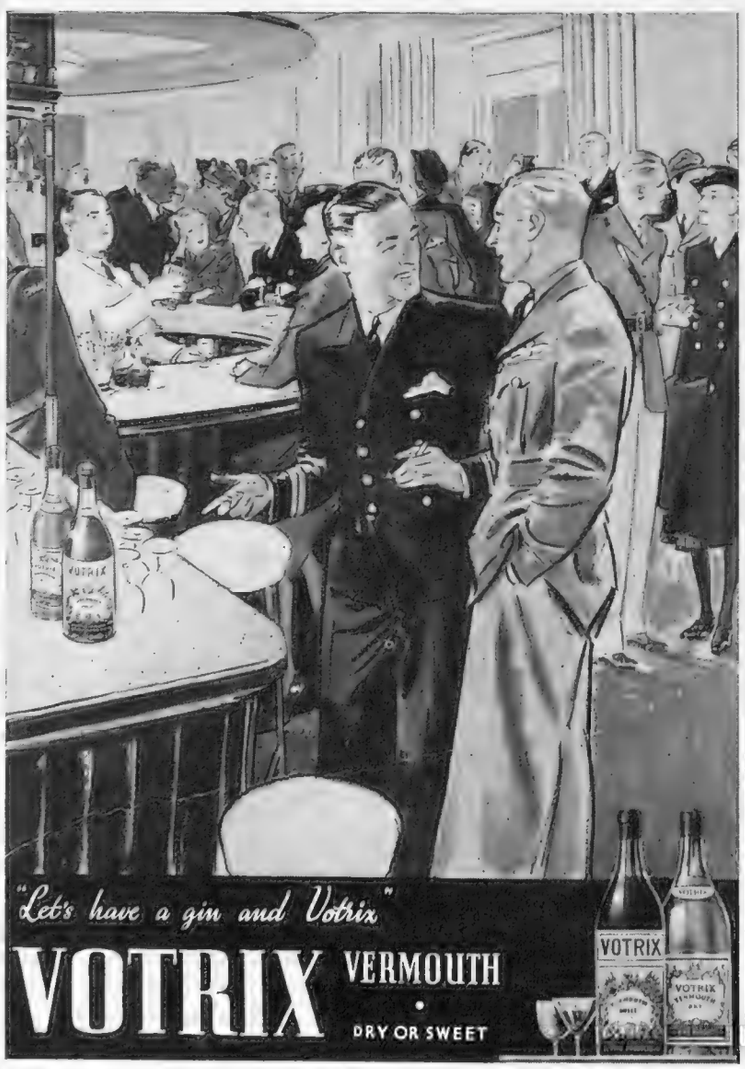

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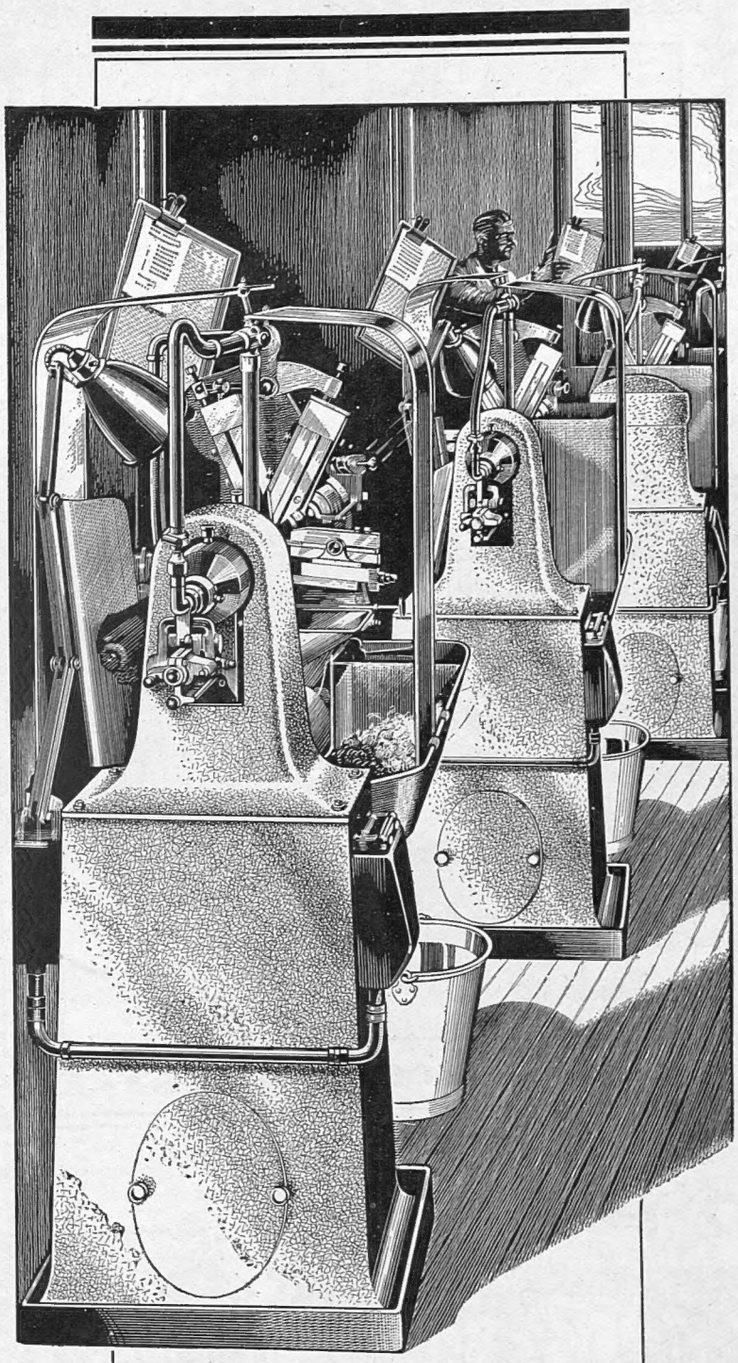

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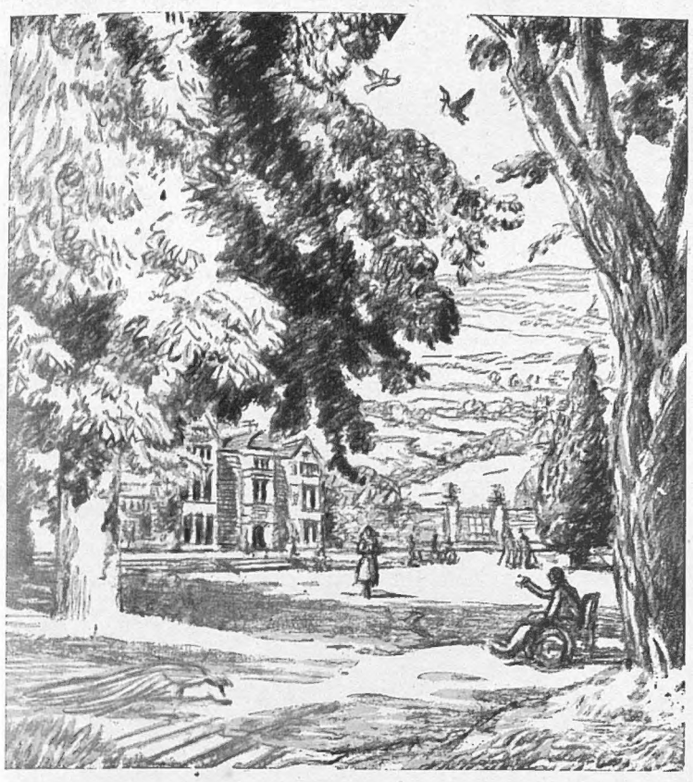

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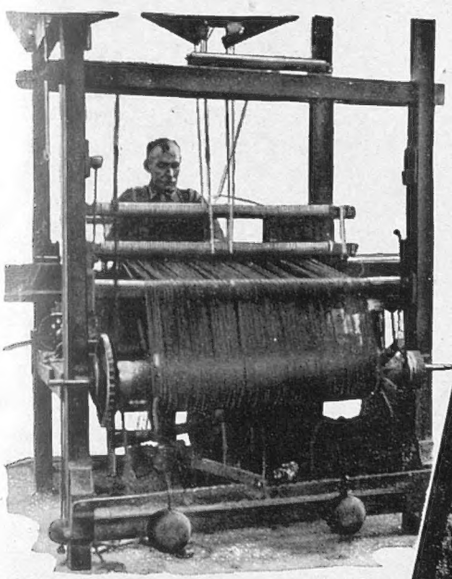
Horlicks also goes to hospitals, to certain war factories, and to miners who are doing vital work under most trying conditions.

Nevertheless, some Horlicks is still being supplied to the shops. Please leave it for those who need it most. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



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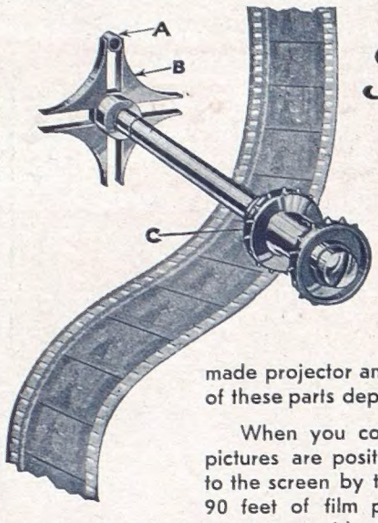

The Heart of the Cinema

Over half of all British cinemas are equipped with projection apparatus made by Kershaw. The cross and the sprocket form the heart of every Kershaw made projector and on the accurate manufacture of these parts depends the success of the whole.

When you consider that every second 24 pictures are positioned, stopped and projected to the screen by these parts and that there are 90 feet of film passing through the machine every minute, you get some idea of the work which is done by the heart of the projector.

This action demands a starting and stopping mechanism (A and B) to move the film forward one picture, and at the same time to hold that picture in exactly the right position whilst the "still" is projected to the screen. Since each picture is magnified from about the size of a postage stamp to the size of the picture you see on the screen, it will be fairly obvious that the degree of accuracy to which these parts are made must be extremely fine.

And this accuracy must be maintained, for in a normal working year the heart of a Kershaw made projector will start and stop the film 270,000,000 times!

KERSHAW

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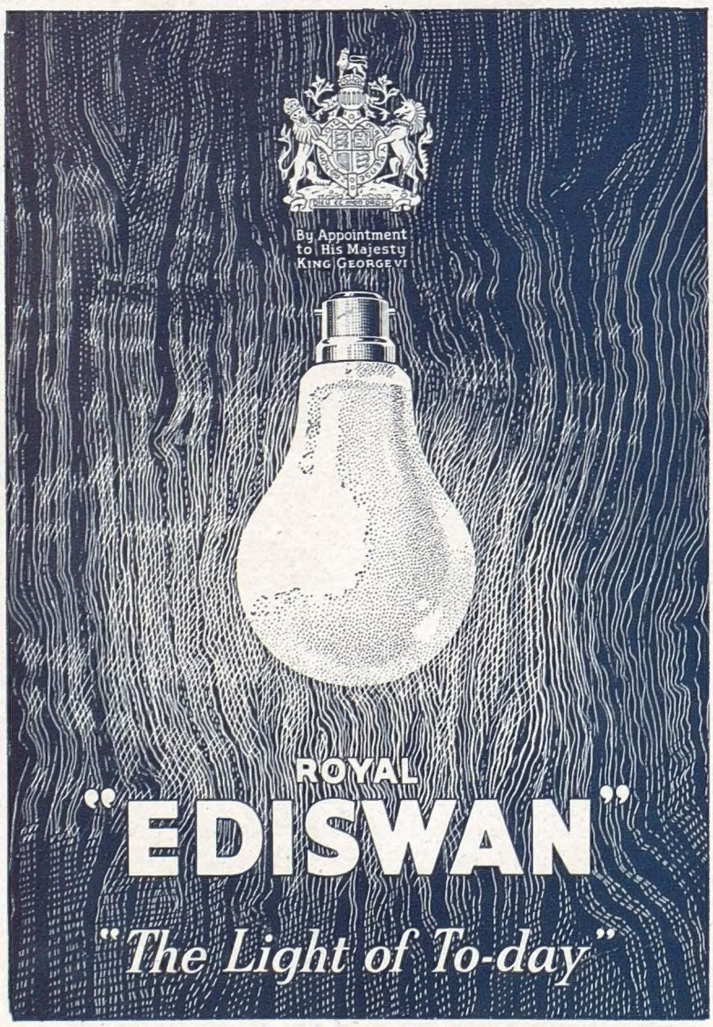

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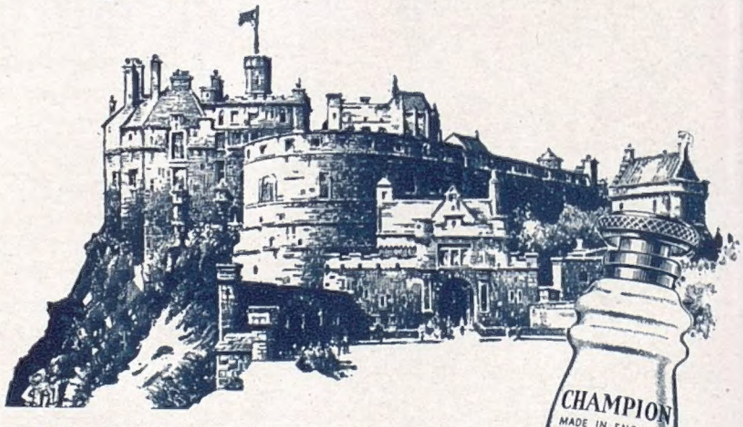
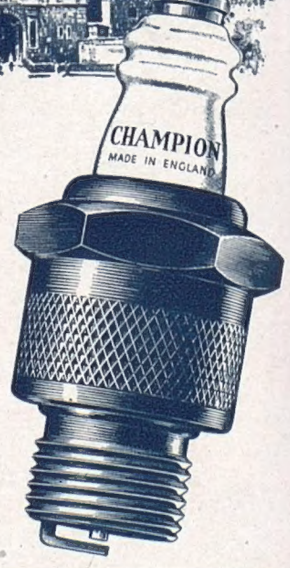
DEPENDABILITY



Edinburgh Castle dates from A.D. 617 when Edwin, King of Northumbria, established a fort on the rock. Its history might almost be called a history of Scotland—so much has taken place within and around its massive walls. Crowning the great rock, it watches over the city streets below—a symbol of Scottish strength and staunchness. Reflecting on the endurance of this noble castle, well might we say, as millions throughout the world say of Champion Plugs, "*There's* Dependability for you."



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